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SANDALS AND SABOTS

THE ROMANCE OF A FISHING VILLAGE

By PERCIE W. HART

WITH DRAWING BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

THE sabots were moulded out of black walnut, taken from the heart of a goodly tree, and in all probability were nearer three centuries old than one. They had surely never been fashioned in Canada, and most likely came over on the feet of a peasant colonist in the Grand Seignior days, and had since been handed down as heirlooms from father to son. Such instances are by no means uncommon among the French-Canadians. At the time of our story these sabots were worn by one Jean Messerer, and made him a distinctive personage in that little Nova Scotian village, where shoes of dressed cow-hide or mooseskin were the prevailing form of footgear.

Jean had appeared upon the scene in a manner at once mysterious and simple. A small boat was one day espied coming into the capacious harbor. It headed directly for an uninhabited portion of the shore. The single individual composing its crew dragged his craft far up on the shelving strand and immediately commenced the erection of a primitive log-and-stone dwelling. This lonely mariner was Jean, of the sabots.

After establishing himself in such fashion, he began to follow the prevailing industry of fishing, varying it occasionally by the landing of some small wooden kegs of St. Pierre brandy without trembling to go through the formality of having Her Majesty's duty-paid emblem burned by an official upon the chines thereof.

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Richard Collingwood, Esquire, who combined in himself all the local offices of sheriff, registrar, prebendary, notary public, postmaster, et al, and who arbitrated the majority of the family and neighborly feuds for miles around, after the patriarchal fashion—to the huge detriment of the single limb of the law then practicing within our borders—had, as was quite naturally to be expected, made a number of attempts toward sounding this new citizen in regard to his past career. But for some unaccountable reason the diplomatic sabot-wearer utterly refused to unbosom himself.

"Ouf!" he would invariably make answer, at the same time shrugging his shoulders until they fairly pressed his ears flat against the sides of his head: "Eet mattaires not to you nor to anybody. Pourquoi? I trouble no one. I sell my feesh, and am—what you call—eh—contente."

"But I want your birthplace and parents' names, so that my records will be complete," sometimes persisted the worthy registrar. "From what part of the country did you come? Gaspe? Quebec? L'Ardoise? Eh? Come! out with it!"

"I come from ovaire there way," would make answer the newly arrived one, pointing aimlessly and in a different direction upon each occasion, until the entire northern horizon, from Newfoundland to Maine, had become included in his statements.

Failing to secure more definite details from him, the 'Squire—and by natural sequence the community at large—gradually formed the opinion that Jean was a most malignant criminal, who had managed to evade pursuit, and thus escape his just deserts. That such scanty premises were sufficient to form this radical deduction must, however, be attributed more to the inherent suspicious nature of the sturdy colonists rather than to any outward indication of viciousness upon the part of Jean. On the contrary, he was especially peaceable, both in word and deed, and in spite of the housewives using him as a living example of a wicked, bad man with which to awe their impenitent offspring into submission, the latter soon grew to look upon him as a big playfellow, sent by some fortuitous circumstance to assist them in their miniature boat-building and in making smugglers' caves.

After a year or more of his residence passed away without provocation, the villagers became accustomed to Jean and his hollow-sounding wooden shoes; but his unenviable reputation remained intact, and he was regarded as an anomaly and an outcast.

In direct opposition to these wooden sabots, the sandals were distinctly new and fragile, well becoming the wearer's dainty foot and ankle. They were what would be called white kid ties in these irreverent days, and with their straight, high heels and large cut-steel buckles excited the admiration of the males and the envy of the females up and down the whole countryside. Two pound ten and six in sterling money had Richard Collingwood, Esquire, paid for them, at the capital city of Halifax, and had not grudged the money; and, in addition to this must be added the expense of the long journey each way on horseback across the almost trackless wilds, and the ferry-master's charge for carrying horse and man across the broad harbor.

But the 'Squire thought them none too fine for his fair daughter, and vowed she should have a still smarter pair for her wedding day. As this latter important event had already been foreshadowed by the declarations of a gallant young officer of His Majesty's 116th Regiment of Fusileers, and only awaited parental sanction from the old country, it can be seen that the patriarch's was no mere idle platitude.

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Lavinia Collingwood was well equipped by nature to wear white kid slippers (or sandals) together with all their fitting attributes; for she was of a verity what may be most aptly described in three much-abused words—a beautiful woman. And yet it would be hard for me to particularize her charms in the ordinary novelistic manner, for I own, personally, to admiring a genial temperament far more than a well-poised head, and a rich, mellow voice as much as a

"HE GROVELED IN THE SAND ALONGSIDE OF THE TINY WHITE SLIPPERS"

trim figure. Let it suffice to say that Lavinia—in addition to my own personal qualifications as above—was a petite blonde, blue-eyed and well formed, and that little children and dumb animals came at her call.

Jean and his sabots had first clanked along the road while she was yet a young and impressionable maiden, and the harsh looks and words that he received from all had touched a gentle heart, and she had soon taken him under her special protection. And Jean showed his gratitude in various ways. From pieces of driftwood he carved dolls and workboxes that were a perfect wonder and surprise to these children whose toys came few and far between.

He even allowed Lavinia to try on his big walnut shoes, and joined in the child's glee as she clumsily endeavored to imitate his easy strides. And finally, he had rescued her twice from great danger—once from drowning, and the second time from a runaway horse. These last endeavors had caused him to be looked upon with a certain degree of tolerance, and included in the generous bounty of the worthy 'Squire.

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Upon a certain night in midsummer, the sabots and their owner occupied the stern sheets of a small sail-boat, lazily stemming the tide a round score of miles out in the bay from the little fishing village. The moon was completely obscured by the low-lying cloud-banks, and save for an occasional phosphorescent gleam from the monotonously rolling waters, all around was an impenetrable blanket of darkness.

"I like not theess night's work," muttered Jean, in his own more or less euphonious patois: "The wataire of my tea-kettle boiled ovaire thrice theess evening, and the blaik angels (crows) upon the headland flapped their wings toward the setting sun, and then flew ovaire my head. The kettle's warning hass helped me often before, but they say that the blaik angels come but a single time in man's life, and that when they do so, eet is the evil one's grande effort to send a human soul to purgatory."

And with a quaintly troubled look upon his face, he glanced all around to seaward most intently, and fell back in his seat with an ejaculation of disgust. Presently, away off to the eastward, a faint glow became discernible, and within half an hour the sound of a hearty sea-hail brought the midnight boatman to his feet.

"Mon Dieu!—but theess Captaine cares leetle whether I am safe," he grumbled. "So long as he gets hees price for the cargo, eet mattaires not how soon a revenue cutter picks me up. His voice is like a trumpet sound, and would reach half way to land."

Thus muttering, and with but scanty grace, Jean put his craft about and bore down toward the spot of yellowish haze. Even as he did so the light vanished, and all around was as black as before. Not until then did he bethink himself of his lacking courtesy, and still keeping one hand upon the tiller, placed the other upon the cockpit combing, and raising himself a few inches, brought the two huge wooden sabots together with considerable force.

"Dronk! Dronk! Dronk!" they sounded dull through the heavy salt air.

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Almost at their first echo a hoarse laugh was born on the gentle breeze. The signal light again showed promptly, and in a few moments' time the little boat ran alongside of a fore-and-aft-rigged schooner, piled high with dories, trawling tubs, and other impedimenta of finny huntsmen.

"Hullo, Johnnie Woodenshoes," came in chorus from the crowd of roughly clad men upon the quarter, as Jean clambered over the bulwarks.

Scarce pausing to answer other than with nod or grimace, Jean made direct for the Captain, and after vigorously complaining of his noisy summons, begged that the cargo might be given him without delay, so that he could speedily get back to shore.

"You ain't got no call to git excited, Johnnie," replied the worthy skipper aggressively. "I see the Lord Mowbray standing up the Cut as we came round Isle Madame. She'd have to sail a heap faster than I ever know'd her to if she is within twenty miles of us now, and the shore patrol don't amount to nothing in a skiff like your'n."

"But—ne c'est pas—Mon Dieu!" ejaculated the French-Canadian, fairly dancing upon the toes of the sabots in his excitement, and relapsing partially into his native tongue from pure nervousness: "J'avais—what you call o—o—omen—bad, bad—mauvais—o—omen—ter—ree—ble—o—omen!"

The imperturbable skipper looked at him in mild amazement, but, acceding to his evident impatience, received the coins from his trembling hands, and bade the crew break out four kegs and put them in Jean's boat. The smuggler delayed not a second longer than was absolutely necessary, and was soon standing away toward the distant shore.

Within a couple of hours he made out the little light at the entrance to the harbor, and although his fears rather increased than diminished, kept steadily onward. The wearer of the sabots strained his eyes in every direction and hearkened [illegible] the slightest indication of espionage as [illegible] came slowly to the end of the long spit of sand that screens the harbor from the bay, but he neither saw nor heard anything suspicious. So far as he knew there was nothing wrong.

The tide ran strong, and swept him steadily to leeward, and with a sigh of discontent he put the helm over and gathered in the sheet-ropes as the boat came round, so that not even the rattle of cordage might be perceptible. The short tack that he was now compelled to make in order to have weather room for the straight run home to his lonely cabin brought him well into the shore of the bold, grassy bluff that is surmounted by the ruined earthworks of De Mortgueuill.

The smuggler peered cautiously at its nearing outlines, and was just making ready to bring the boat about for the last time, when his quick ear caught the scrunching of gravel, and his eyes detected two little spots of white approaching him along shore. Before he had even time to think, a softly modulated voice sounded across the brief space of dividing water, and the white objects resolved themselves into the tiny sandals of Lavinia Collingwood.

"Jean! Jean!" were her words, "they say that you are smuggling to-night, but I would not believe it. The inspectors are hiding near and will arrest you if you land any kegs."

"Je vous remerci, mademoiselle," Jean answered, his great nervousness now completely vanished, and with all the inborn chivalry of his countrymen, "but are you not afraid of the dark night—and alone?"

"You are no smuggler, eh, Jean?" continued the girl, deceived by the apparent unconcern of his manner; "and so, even if they do watch they will not find anything. I'm very glad for your sake that it is so. Do not tell anybody that I warned you, Jean."

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And with the speed of the honey-bee, and the gracefulness of a swaying elm, she disappeared in the gloom.

Poor Johnnie Woodenshoes stood gaping in amazement, and almost believed that voice, warning and sandals were alike; merely creatures of his own imagination. But the boat was slipping along, and precious moments were flying, and if anything was to be done it must be accomplished in short order. So, with a sigh, he set to work. First, he measured off a certain number of fathoms from his anchor cable and calmly, though regretfully (for the Manila rope of those days was worth almost as much as good liquor), cut it in twain.

Then, as he passed between the two islets that bejewel the face of that goodly harbor, he slipped the small kegs noiselessly over the side, ran the severed end of the rope through the eye-bolts in their heads, and fastened them snugly together.

Keeping the anchor away from the boat's side as it slowly entered the water until his very muscles cracked with the uneven purchase, he eased the whole gently to the bottom, leaving his contraband cargo securely moored some ten feet below the surface of the water, and almost directly in front of the site of Richard Collingwood's mansion of law, order and the customs.

Jean was ashore and asleep in a very few moments. In fact, so sound were his slumbers that even the somewhat noisy search in and around his hut and boat by two uniformed men did not seem to disturb him.

"Woodenshoes is either dead or shamming," remarked Inspector O'Donnell, as the twain started on their long homeward tramp, vaguely angry at Jean for the useless waiting, "and I'm hanged if he's dead, for he breathes like a blown horse."

The inference to be drawn was plain.

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One memorable day soon after the sandals and sabots went side by side down to the little dock near the blacksmith's forge. There at the side of the water-steps lay Jean's boat, with every item of fish-scale and dried sea-weed cleansed from her deck and combing, and an old piece of net laid upon the main thwart in lieu of cushion. And the white sandals dangled complacently a full four inches from the smooth round stone ballast, while the clumsy blocks of walnut shifted uneasily upon the wooden gratings of the after cockpit, as the fearful responsibility he was incurring in thus taking Richard Collingwood's daughter on an excursion to the beach came home to their wearer.

Arrived at the destination, they landed and strolled over to the ocean side of the pebble-strewn barrier. At last, Lavinia found a shelving rock, and seating herself thereon glanced gravely at Jean, and said:

"I am going to ask you some questions, Jean, and I feel quite sure that you will not tell me an untruth. Now pay particular attention and answer me very carefully."

The face of Johnnie Woodenshoes took on the expression that a dog usually wears when about to receive a bone, and he tumbled rather than sat down upon the adjacent rock, indicated by Lavinia.

"You were running a cargo the other night, when I—when I warned you; were you not?"

The sabots dug up the sand in a thoughtful manner for a few seconds, and then, as if the wearer had but just realized the fact himself, came the answer: "Oui, mademoiselle. Yes—that ees so."

"It is exactly what every one says, and they can't imagine who could have put you on your guard. Papa declares that the person who did so will surely be found and sent to prison, no matter who it may be!"

A frightened expression passed over Jean's face, but was quickly succeeded by a grin of intelligence, as he ejaculated: "Im—poss—e—bele—Nobody will evaire—evaire know."

"But what if I tell my father?" said the girl.

"Nevaire! Nevaire!" screamed the now thoroughly excited fisherman, throwing himself upon his knees, and running his fingers wildly through his tangled shock of hair; at the same time writhing and turning like a snake in its last agonies: "Thou shalt not the one be to prison go. It ees so ter—reeble, mademoiselle. With eets damp stone walls and windows barred with iron—and the loneliness—and nevaire a green leaf nevaire a flower—and the rats gnawing at thy fingers while thou art trying to sleep. Non! Non. It ees for me—for Jean Messerer. Jean Messerer—he ees the smuggler!"

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Moved by such evident deep distress, the girl put her hand upon his shoulder in order to attract his attention, when he seized and kissed the tiny palm vehemently. "Pardonnez moi," he pleaded humbly, as she hastily rose to her feet and moved a few paces from him.

"Jean," she said, all unheeding the significance of his last action, "I want you to promise me that you will do no more smuggling if I agree not to tell about my warning?"

"Nevaire again, mademoiselle," eagerly assented the kneeling one, "nevaire again—if you wish eet?"

"I do wish it, Jean," replied the girl, with a gratified smile at his ready acquiescence, "for the people around here do not like you overmuch, and by keeping on at it you would surely be caught one of these days. And then, of course, smuggling is very wicked."

"Eef mademoiselle says eet ees wicked, then I agree with her," replied this untutored courtier, "but I had always thought eet was plus grande—much brave—to go out alone upon the ocean at night, and bring in the petit cargo, without being captured?"

"Of course it is brave, Jean," admitted Lavinia somewhat reluctantly, "but still it is very wicked."

"Brave, yet wicked?" repeated the sabot-wearer, and then, as if such opposing contradictions were utterly unfathomable to him, he rose to his feet and said: "Eet ees all ovaire, mademoiselle. Jean has promised, and he will stay at home in the night and be cowardly—though good."

Smiling impulsively at this crude reasoning, delivered in all sincerity, the girl went on: "I am sure you have made me very happy, and I hope to recompense you in many ways for this promise. It will make me much more contented to think that you are living honestly and comfortably, when I go away——"

When she went away! When she went away!

These were the only words that made any impression upon the poor fisherman.

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She gave him good advice for his future, told of how her father was to deed him the land upon which his hut was built, to be his very own for all time; of the beautiful new suit of clothes that should be his, and of the calf and chickens that were to be contributed to his stock. But the only words that he heard were—When she went away!

He seemed to listen attentively to Lavinia's kindly tones, although his eyes were fixed steadily upon the white sandals, and uttered never a sound when she thanked him for all the toys he had made for her, for the pretty baubles he had brought, and for her life that he had twice so bravely saved.

When she went away!

It was probably a matter of a month or more after the foregoing conversation that Jean came scuffling along the road to the 'Squire's house. Under his woolen blouse he had something hidden that gave him no end of solicitude, for he held it as gingerly as if even the pressure of his encircling fingers might crush through. At the front door-step of the mansion stood two horses all accoutred for travel, and the groom at their heads kept turning and looking, as if impatient of losing the best hours of the morning. Scarce noticing this array, and giving no heed to the man's jocular salutation, Jean turned up the hill and entered the garden at the side gate, as he had oftentimes done before. It was not exactly such a garden as the word expresses to most city folk. It partook more of the nature of a small park, dotted here and there with clumps of trees and clusters of rose bushes, sweet-peas, and huge red poppies. Up at the farther end was a honeysuckle arbor arranged with seats and a table, and toward this spot, all unwittingly, the ignorant and lonely one took his way. As he drew near he heard the sound of voices, but nevertheless kept sturdily onward until he reached the threshold.

There he stood for perhaps the space of a single instant of time—but in that instant he lived his life, and realized earth's bitterness far more than most cultured cynics.

"Lavinia, my darling wife that is to be," young Captain Rodney was saying, "kiss me once again before I go. In four months' time I shall come again, and after that we shall always be together."

The beautiful girl had her head upon her lover's shoulder, and never missed a single sigh or whisper from his lips; and yet she failed to hear the unseemly noise of those wooden shoes going blindly across the garden—unmindful alike of walks, set flowers, or trailing vines. Just at the gate the ex-smuggler stopped, something fell to the ground, and a huge block of walnut rose in the air—hovered for one brief instant—and came crashing down upon it.

The boy that raked the garden next morning found nothing but a pile of splintered wood. It was all that was left of a delicately carved jewel casket that Jean had labored upon devotedly for over a hundred hours.

There was snow upon the ground when Lavinia was married, and the invited guests to the wedding dance came behind bell-tinkling horses, and left the marks of sleigh-runners upon the earth's virgin mantle. Jean, in a new suit of the 'Squire's gift, but still wearing his treasured sabots, swung open the front hall door with stately presence. Directly behind this portal, Maria Jane, the housemaid, had conspired with her associates to place the now discarded white kid sandals, so that they would be in convenient readiness to throw after the departing bride and groom.

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Inside the house the mirth was loud and the revels continuous. The blushing damsels were becomingly conscious as to the special nature of the occasion, and the bashful young men, emboldened to press their suits as well as their dance-partners' fingers more boldly than ever. Down the centre of the long "Sir Roger de Coverly" went the white-haired 'Squire, cracking his jokes, and bantering the young folk as gaily as if his heart was not nigh unto breaking at the thought of his only daughter who was going from under his roof-tree.

Along toward midnight the newly married couple took up a position at one end of the long, narrow room, in order that they might fittingly receive the parting salutations of their well-wishers. Above the heads of the twain, loving hands had arranged a sort of evergreen canopy, and the stiffly starched lace curtains of the great oblong front window formed a pleasant background. The pair made a fine picture of youthful strength and beauty, and many eyes noted the bride's dainty new sandals peeping out from beneath the hem of her gown's soft sheen.

In the middle of the bustle and excitement incidental to this phase in the evening's proceedings, there came a loud report, accompanied by the crash of splintering wood. A bullet was seen imbedded in the paneled ceiling, and a clean-cut hole in the window-casing just a few inches above the young husband's head, showed the path by which the missile had come as well as the person for whom it was most likely intended. Out into the roadway poured the male members of the gathering, intent upon promptly capturing the would-be assassin.

"Hey! Johnnie," cried one, addressing the sabot-wearer. "Did you——"

"It was a mauvais—a bad, bad man! I him did see!" ejaculated Jean, shrieking and sobbing alternately in a manner most pitiful to look upon. "From out the porch window saw I him. A man—a robbaire—He ran fast that way, up ovaire the hill."

Wasting no time in further parley, the crowd dashed onward in the direction pointed out by the badly frightened Frenchman.

"May I ask where this man was standing when you saw him shoot toward the house?" queried young Captain Rodney impassively.

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He and Jean had not followed the example of the rest, but stayed within the shelter of the porchway.

"He stood thaire!" replied the latter in shrill accents, moving from side to side uneasily, and pointing at a spot on the snow-covered ground some twenty or thirty feet distant. Toward this the young officer at once proceeded, at the same time producing his flint and steel, with the evident intention of examining something.

"What strange looking foot-prints!" commented Captain Rodney aloud, as he carefully regarded the snow in the spot pointed out by Jean. "They are simply enormous. I can find only the one variety, too. What man or being in these parts can possibly have a grudge against me?"

While the young officer was thus pondering aloud, Jean was by no means idle. From within the ample folds of his brand new coat he gingerly extracted a flint-lock pistol, still hot and smoking from a recent discharge. He reloaded it quickly with powder and ball, dashed a few grains of loose powder upon the priming-pan, set the trigger flint at an accurate angle, and pointed the weapon once again toward the newly wedded man.

At this instant the sound of a womanly sob was distinctly audible. It came from the head of the stairway.

"Arthur, are you there?"

It was the sweet voice of Lavinia Collingwood.

With a gesture of despair Jean drew back, placed the loaded pistol behind the outer door, and took in exchange the pair of old white sandals. Then, without even being noticed by Captain Rodney, he made for the shore, launched his skiff, and was never seen again in that Nova Scotian fishing village.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS

Story of a Flight from Gratitude

By ERNEST DAUDET

LATE in the afternoon of a spring day in April of the year of grace 1825, just, in fact, as the clock in the Luxembourg was striking five, a carriage with armorial bearings, drawn by white horses, entered the Court of Honor of the old palace. The peers of France, at that time, held their sittings in the Luxembourg. Close to the steps which led to the grand staircase other carriages were already in waiting for various peers. The newly arrived carriage took its place in the line. The valet, who stood on the back, sprang down, leaped up the steps, and said to the ushers guarding the entrance:

"Inform his lordship, the Marquis de Noyan, that Mademoiselle de Noyan is waiting for him."

On hearing the name, which was that of one of the best-known of the peers, an usher hastened to make the announcement. Soon he returned, and behind him, stepping slowly down the staircase, followed a tall, elderly gentleman, very thin and erect. He wore a long, brown coat, which, on flapping open, showed knee breeches of the same color and a white waistcoat. Black stockings, tightly drawn, buckle shoes, and a broad-brimmed silk hat completed the costume.

The old gentleman was the Marquis de Noyan, one of the *emigrés* who had resided out of France during the Revolution and the Empire. Exiled courtiers such were called, and it was said of them that they had forgotten nothing and learned nothing. They returned in 1814, with Louis XVIII, who loaded them with favors. M. de Noyan, who had been Colonel under Louis XVI, and Adjutant in the Army of Condé, was, on the return of the Bourbons, in quick succession named Lieutenant-General, Peer of France, and member of the King's Council.

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In spite of all marks of the Royal favor he was in triple mourning, having, during his exile, lost his wife, his only son, and his daughter-in-law. Of all his loved ones there remained to him but the last—his granddaughter; and her he absolutely adored. But none the less keenly did he suffer from being without male heir.

The constant thought of his loss affected his nature, which had always been quick, suspicious and vindictive. He became bitter, distrustful, and implacable toward the enemies of the monarchy. His granddaughter was the only being who exercised the slightest influence on the heart, which was steeled by deception and disappointment.

As he arrived at the steps his countenance changed and his eyes lit up with joy. That was because he caught sight of Mademoiselle de Noyan. She had put her head out of the carriage window, and a very pretty head it was, too, covered with a mass of blonde curls which was surmounted by one of those hats called cabriolets, at that time so fashionable.

He entered the carriage and took his seat by the side of Amelia.

"Did I make you wait long, grandfather?" she asked, as she kissed his hand.

"No, dearie. The sitting is only just over. Where do you want to go?"

"The Duchess de Berry sent me word that she receives to-day."

"To the Tuileries," said the Marquis to the valet. "While you are calling on the Duchess," he said to his granddaughter, "I will go to see the King."

The carriage had by that time left the courtyard of the palace and was going at a good rate along the Rue de Tournon, toward the quay. Suddenly the horses bolted. A heavy wagon driven past had lurched against one of them. Scared by the shock and by the shouts of those who rushed to straighten matters out, they reared. Then, in their terror and madness, they darted off like an arrow from a bow, straight ahead. The street was crowded with vehicles, and thronged with foot passengers, all of whom were in danger of being dashed to pieces.

Lowering the window the Marquis leaned out and cried to the helpless coachman:

"What's the matter? Have you lost control of the horses, Gaspard?"

But his voice was drowned in the rattle of the wheels. He sat back and glanced uneasily at his granddaughter.

"I am not afraid, grandfather," she said.

The speed at which they were traveling made them giddy. The horses went forward with violent rushes, which threatened to shatter the carriage. One of the jolts dislodged the coachman from his seat. On every side the pedestrians flattened themselves against the wall or ran in doorways as the carriage passed them in its mad flight.

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The carriage was being dragged along as if in the power of a whirlwind. It approached the end of the Rue de la Seine, which, then as now, was barred by the buildings of the Institute. It was there that the greatest peril lay. The horses were likely to dash themselves against the wall.

"Let us kiss each other good-by, and commend our souls to God, grandfather," said Amelia, as she nestled close to the Marquis and put her arms around him. "I am afraid it is all over with us."

Tearing himself from his granddaughter's embrace, the old man leaned out of the carriage window, and, stretching out his hands imploringly, he cried:

"My fortune to whomever will save her!"

Feeling herself lost, Amelia had thrown herself on the carriage floor, and had buried her head in the cushions. With trembling hands she covered her pale face, and, while waiting for the death shock, ready to die, she softly recited her prayers. While she was in that position, the carriage bounded suddenly from the earth, raised by the shock of the stopping of the horses, then fell to the ground again with a broken wheel, and remained still. The doors right and left, were opened. Amelia on one side and the Marquis on the other were carefully assisted out of the carriage, and found themselves standing in the street, safe and sound.

The bystanders soon explained what had happened. Just as the horses had been about to dash into the wall of the Institute a young man sprang at their heads, seized the bridles, and hung on until one of the horses, in struggling, fell, carrying down with it its companion. Passers-by, nerved by the heroism of the youth, ran to his assistance, held the horses, and prevented further damage.

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Being assured that no serious damage had been done, Amelia looked for her grandfather, while the people about thronged around her, eager to learn if she had received any injury. She was more anxious to thank their rescuer than to answer questions, and asked to have him pointed out to her. Just at that moment he was being raised from the ground, senseless, for he had been struck on the breast by the pole as the horses fell.

"Is he dead?" she cried tremblingly.

"No, mademoiselle; he still breathes," was the reply.

The Marquis, on learning what had happened, approached with: "Is there a hospital near, where you can take this poor young man?"

"Oh, grandfather, a hospital for him to whom we owe our lives!" cried Mademoiselle de Noyan. "Let us take him home."

Whereupon the Marquis gave an order to some of the men about. The carriage could not, of course, be used, so he sent for two hacks, which soon appeared on the scene. Into one of them the young rescuer, still unconscious, was lifted, while a doctor who had been sent for sat with him to support him. Amelia and her grandfather got into the other hack, and as nothing more could be done then, the two conveyances started for the residence of the Marquis de Noyan.

The drive did not last long. The big doors of the courtyard were opened to admit the conveyances, and were then immediately shut in the faces of the curious. The servants of the Marquis, in obedience to the instructions of their master, carried the young man from the cab into a salon on the ground floor. There they laid him on a sofa, and while a room was being prepared for him, the doctor examined him to see if there were any bones broken.

When the doctor declared that there was no trace of a fracture, and that, in spite of his having fainted, there was nothing serious the matter with him, and that he would be all right in the course of a few days, the Marquis and his granddaughter were both relieved.

"Thank God!" sighed the girl.

Transfigured, laboring under greater emotion than when she had thought he was dead, she looked sympathizingly at the wounded youth, whose face showed both pride and tenderness, its attractiveness being heightened by its pallor. Slowly he opened his big, dark eyes and looked at the people by whom he was surrounded.

"What has happened?" he asked.

The Marquis stooped tenderly over him.

"In rescuing us, my granddaughter and me," he said, "you were the victim of your courage. You will be all right in a few days. We shall be very glad to keep you here, and to look after you until you are well again, and can return to your friends."

"But who are you?"

"I am the Marquis de Noyan."

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On hearing the name the young man started violently. His face altered completely, and expressed equal rage and terror. Trying to rise from the sofa, he cried:

"Let me get away! Take me out of this house! I don't want to stay here and I won't stay here!"

He struggled in the doctor's arms, but in vain. Then his eyes caught sight of Amelia, who, startled by his emotion, was crying.

He dropped his hands and ceased to struggle, and was heard to murmur: "His granddaughter!"

"One would think that my grandfather's name recalled some very painful incident," she said to him.

"Oh, no! I never heard it before," he answered firmly.

"Then what made you think of wanting to get away from us? Why do you not wish to stay and let us take care of you?"

"Did I say that I wanted to get away," said he, now complete master of himself, and as if the question had surprised him, "I must have been rambling, surely. I am ever so much obliged to you for taking care of me."

The doctor then told the Marquis and Mademoiselle de Noyan that the shock which the young man had suffered would be likely to have caused temporary aberration.

"Mayn't we know who you are?" asked the Marquis. "Would you not like us to send for your relatives?"

"I have no relatives," replied the youth harshly. "My name is Durosnel."

"Don't talk any more," said the doctor gently. "If you are very good we will let you go in three days—quite cured."

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It was close upon midnight when the girl was able to retire to her room, where she could in quietness think over the events of the day, and could also dream at her ease of the young man whom Fate had placed under the same roof as herself.

When her eyes first fell on him in the street, as he was being picked up unconscious, she had been filled with gratitude for his heroic devotion, and had, at the same time, been very favorably impressed by the youth and native elegance which had not forsaken him even in that trying moment. The ghastliness of his face was heightened by the long, black hair which hung about it.

But no matter how lively and real was her emotion as she thought of her rescue, she was much more moved at the recollection of the words and actions of Durosnel when he had regained consciousness and had learned that he was in the house of the Marquis.

The question was "What had happened, and where, and when? Had it laid any responsibility on her shoulders?" For if, in the past, the Marquis had in any way wronged the young man, ought she not to make reparation?

As she thought matters over she was at first inclined to question her grandfather, and to confide to him her doubts and anxieties. But that idea she very quickly renounced, for she knew that if he had ever committed a reprehensible act to confess it would be the last thing in the world which he would do. In his obstinate soul there was no room for regrets.

Then she thought of having an interview with her rescuer, and of asking him, point blank. But how could she arrange to get a few minutes alone with the stranger so as to have a chat with him? At first the question was one the girl was unable to answer. As she thought the matter over, but one solution offered itself. She would have to go to see Durosnel, and that without delay.

In Durosnel's room one of the servants of the Marquis had been placed to watch at the invalid's bedside. The servant in question was absolutely devoted to Mademoiselle de Noyan, and she was as sure of his discretion as of his devotion. She would send him away from Durosnel's bedside without dismissing him from the room. He would thus be present, and would save appearances, but out of hearing of the conversation. Just as it was striking half past twelve the young girl lighted a taper and left the room.

About the same time as Mademoiselle retired, Durosnel, who had fallen asleep at the beginning of the evening when the doctor had left, again awoke, and was at first surprised to find himself in a strange room. By the dim flicker of the night-lamp he saw, as he looked searchingly around the room, the valet who had been detailed to attend to him. Then his memory came back.

He saw himself entering the Rue de la Seine, and remembered how he was seized with momentary terror at the sight of the maddened horses dashing and plunging; but the fear was only for an instant, and he dashed at the horses' heads. A heavy blow on the chest, a dull, painful sensation, and he remembered nothing more until he came to himself and found that he was stretched out on a sofa in an immense room; at his side a beautiful girl and an old man.

"The Marquis de Noyan," he murmured.

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And again, just as when he had first heard the name pronounced earlier in the evening, he felt an old hatred rise in his heart. And this time there was not the presence of Mademoiselle de Noyan to check the resentment.

"Noyan! He is the man who caused my father's death," he said to himself.

And he smiled bitterly as he thought of the irony of the circumstances which had made him, unintentionally, the savior of his enemy. Then the events of the day crowded back into his mind. He congratulated himself on having been so shrewd as to keep back his real name.

"But, after all," he thought, "such diplomacy was unworthy of me. I ought to have vented my just indignation into the face of the old villain."

His regret, however, for not having taken the opportunity offered to insult the Marquis soon calmed down. He thought of the young girl whose sweet presence had eased the storm of passion which raged in his heart, and felt that he could not reasonably blame himself for having permitted such sweetness to influence him. The agitation of his thoughts had induced an attack of feverishness which made him start up and fall back again in bed.

His restlessness had attracted the attention of the servant, who approached the bedside and asked if he could be of any use.

"No; I don't need anything. I am all right now, and I shall leave to-morrow."

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The servant protested mildly, but Durosnel impatiently cut his protest short with:

"I don't need you any longer. You may go to your room."

"Excuse me, young sir, but I may not do anything of the sort. My orders from the Marquis were not to go away on any account."

"Yes, but that was because he thought I was suffering more than I am. I am really much improved. Leave the room. I wish to be alone for the rest of the night."

The firmness of the young man could not be gainsaid, so, after a last vain effort, the servant retired.

As soon as he was alone Durosnel fell back into his reflections, which were very bitter, envenomed as they were by a long-cherished hatred. He thought of his father, sent by Louis XVIII against the fallen Emperor, who had broken bounds, and had returned from Elba. Instead of opposing the Corsican, his father had placed his sword and his men at Napoleon's disposal. On the return of the Bourbons he had been tried by a court-martial, of which the Marquis was President, and had been shot as a traitor.

"Noyan is my murderer," the condemned man had said to his son. "Avenge me!"

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And the son had sworn to seek vengeance. That idea he had kept fixedly in mind, first of all in the sombre, quiet provincial town where he had lived with an old aunt in quietness and isolation, and afterward in Paris, whither he had journeyed only a few months before under the pretext of studying law, but in reality in order to attempt to carry out the oath he had sworn to his father. He had prayed and hoped for an opportunity to avenge his father's death. That day the longed-for chance had presented itself.

While he thus brooded he was stricken with shame and remorse, for he feared that, henceforth, the sweet, tender grace of Mademoiselle de Noyan would prevent the fulfillment of his vow.

"What shall I do? How can I decide?" he asked himself, perplexed.

"Leave the house immediately," was the answer of his conscience and his reason.

Durosnel was convinced that the prompting was good, and that he could take no better step. He dressed slowly, and walked across the room, backward and forward. Then he opened the window and looked out.

The window, he noticed, was only about three yards from the ground, and opened into the garden. In the moonlight he could easily distinguish the boundary wall. At a glance he saw that he could leap down from the window into the garden, and that to scale the wall would be child's play. Eased by

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is translated for the POST by Lisle de V. Matthewman, from the French of Ernest Daudet, in La Figaro Illustré.

his discovery, he shut the window, lit a candle, and, having found a sheet of paper, pen and ink, sat down and furiously wrote a letter to the Marquis. It ran as follows:

"When you asked me my name I deceived you. My name is not Durosnel, but Edouard Fortin. I am the son of General Fortin, who was shot as a traitor, in 1815, by virtue of a sentence which you had the hardihood to pronounce. When I saved you and your granddaughter from death I had no idea who you were. Had I known I should have been strongly tempted to leave you to your fate. But Heaven willed that you should be saved by the son of the father whom you assassinated, and to him you owe your life. I hope and pray that this thought may torture you, and then that will be the beginning of my vengeance—but only the beginning. I do not relinquish the hope and expectation of one day completing the work; but it shall be in my own way and at my own time. I shall first hope to torture you as you have tormented me. It is because I do not wish to give up my thoughts of vengeance that I do not desire to be in the least indebted to you for anything. I should not like to have any thought that could weaken my arm when the time comes to strike—for strike I will.

"My reasons for not having carried out my oath to-night are that I am under your roof, and that Mademoiselle de Noyan is concerned. I have been less implacable than you, for I have not made her an orphan. You can thank her for your life; but do not expect that she will always protect you."

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He signed the letter, but did not either seal or even fold it. He left it on the table, blew out the light, and approached the window, which he opened. He was preparing to get out of the window when he heard a noise. On turning round he remained petrified for an instant, for, in the doorway, candle in hand, and apparently nailed to the spot, stood Mademoiselle de Noyan. She was quite pale, and was evidently stupefied at finding him dressed and about to escape.

Amelia advanced toward the table on which she placed the candle whose light had helped her to pick her way along the darkened corridors; she said gently to Fortin:

"Please close the window, Monsieur."

He had been greatly surprised by her unexpected appearance, but he was still more surprised by her coolness.

"Everybody is asleep?" he asked. "Nobody is listening?"

"What does that matter whether anybody is listening or not?" she asked sharply. "Please close the window."

Politeness compelled him to obey her. Returning to the middle of the room, and desiring to know the motive of the strange proceeding of Mademoiselle de Noyan, he said with some hauteur:

"You wish to speak to me?"

"I thought that you were in bed and asleep," she said. "I expected to find one of our old servants watching here. I came to inquire if you were calmer than at the moment I left you. You acted very strangely, and said some cruel things."

"It was only a passing attack. I rested afterward, and the rest did me so much good that I was able to get up, as you see."

"What I see is that you are ready and apparently wishful to leave. You were just on the point of leaving as I entered."

At this she paused, evidently waiting for an explanation, which was not forthcoming, so she added, in a tone of reproach:

"Is it really true that you are wishful to escape from our gratitude?"

"It is really true," he replied curtly.

"Why did you not think that such a step would cause us great annoyance and worry? Why did you not think that you had been taken into the house of a gentleman, and it is not fitting to escape like a criminal?"

These words stung Fortin to the quick.

"I am not a gentleman, and therefore I had no scruples," he retorted hotly. "I only think of my own feelings, and I did not care to stay under this roof any longer, as I did not desire to receive any hospitality from the Marquis de Noyan. Consequently I was leaving. I do not intend to account to anybody for my action, neither to the Marquis de Noyan nor yet to you, mademoiselle."

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"How harshly you speak! What have I done to you?" she sighed.

"Excuse me," he said. "It was wrong of me to forget myself so far. But this visit must be painful to your pride, and I cannot see the advantage or object of these questions, which wound my *amour propre*. Why do you object to my leaving at once?"

It was now Amelia's turn.

"I will tell you why I am here. When you saw my grandfather and learned his name I noticed the look of hatred pass over your face, and the bitterness of your words, as if his very name and presence were odious to you. When you were master of yourself you dissimulated admirably; but from your language and your actions when you lost your self-control, I am sure that my grandfather was not unknown to you. You have earned my eternal gratitude by your heroism. What reason have you for hating us?"

"I do not hate you, mademoiselle," replied Fortin. "Although we are strangers, for you personally I have only respect and admiration and esteem. I am very happy that I have been able to serve you."

"Oh, I know perfectly well that I have done nothing to merit your anger," resumed Amelia, who continued to follow up her idea obstinately. "But I can see that you don't want to tell me anything. It's a pity. It's a pity that you will persist in hiding from me why you wanted to run away."

Sobbing and trembling with emotion, she sank into an armchair near the table. Fortin remained standing a few paces away, moved by her tears, and touched by her beauty. He felt deeply, genuinely sorry for the girl.

"It would have been much better had you not come," he said.

But Amelia did not hear the remark, for her eyes had fallen on the letter he had written to the Marquis, and she began to read it from where she sat. Suddenly she sprang up and seized it.

"Don't read it! Don't read it!" cried Fortin, as he tried to take it from her.

A minute later she had devoured the lines which betrayed Fortin. Raising her head she said to him:

"So that is the truth which you were so anxious to hide from me! And so that is the reason! But General Fortin was the victim of unfortunate circumstances. The Marquis de Noyan only did his duty."

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Fortin rushed toward her, and seizing her roughly by the wrists exclaimed:

"For the love of Heaven, let us have no more of that unless you want to drive me crazy! I cannot listen to such stuff. Pardon might well have been granted for the blunder my father made. But it was the judge who was pitilessly inflexible. He refused to take into consideration either the extraordinary character of the events by which General Fortin permitted himself to be led astray, or the favor which the unfortunate Emperor had heaped upon him, the remembrance of which favors was a far stronger bond than the oath of allegiance which he had taken to the King. He deserved pity. He had a son—a mere baby—who was orphaned by his death. The Marquis de Noyan alone refused to take anything into consideration—to show any pity. That was your grandfather's crime."

Amelia flung herself on her knees and cried: "Forgive him!"

"Never!" said Fortin sternly.

"Then if you must have a victim, avenge yourself on me," she begged.

This petition only irritated Fortin.

"Avenge myself on you!" he said mockingly: "I had already thought of that. But every one must be responsible for his own actions. You are only responsible for what you have done. A truce to prayers, mademoiselle. That which ought to be—shall be."

Silence followed the above declaration, but it was finally broken by Mademoiselle.

"I will not let you punish one crime by another. When you try to harm my grandfather you will find me in front of him. You shall never strike him but through me!"

Thinking she had softened Fortin's heart, she seized his hands, crying convulsively:

"Forgive, oh, forgive! Do not take to yourself the right to punish. That right belongs to God alone. And then you would punish me, who never wronged you."

He endeavored to shake her grasp off, but she held his hands all the more firmly.

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Suddenly she changed her tone and said:

"Oh, if you would only listen to me; if you would only do as I ask you, there is nothing I would not do for you—no sacrifice I would not make to show my gratitude."

"What do you mean by sacrifice?" he demanded. "What would you do for me should I forgive your grandfather?"

"If you would only forgive him," she cried, "a whole lifetime of tenderness and devotion would not be too high a price to pay for such magnanimity."

"Would you marry me?" he asked doubtingly. "Would you marry me? I am poor, unknown, with nothing but my name. You are the descendant of the Noyans."

"I would marry you if you thought that I should make you happy."

"And that would be what you would call making a sacrifice," said Fortin suspiciously.

"I was wrong to employ that word," she protested. "To give myself to him whose generosity and nobility of soul I had proved, would be—could be no sacrifice. I meant to say, rather, that whatever the price you might demand I would gladly pay it."

The look of admiration and devotion with which these words were accompanied conquered him, and in a voice broken with emotion he murmured:

"Thank you, mademoiselle. Thank you, and good-by!"

"What! Are you going?" she cried in astonishment.

"Yes; I am going, because I ought to go, and not because I want to go. I cannot accept what you rightly called a sacrifice. But I forgive your grandfather. If I stayed any longer I might not have strength to refuse the bliss you offer. I will forgive, and you shall never hear from me again."

He stepped hastily to the window, which he again opened. Amelia rushed forward to seize him, but he had been too active for her, and had already sprung out. In the clear night she saw him rush across the garden and disappear over the wall. She felt that she was not absolute victor, for in her heart she was conscious that love had lodged a shaft.

She leaned from the window and sighed in a voice as low as that of the night wind:

"But I shall find him again!"

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Thirty-fourth Chapter

ONE afternoon a week later, Mrs. Langdon went to an exhibition of pictures in the gallery of the Water-Color Club. She went to make a list of the best and most promising things for her article in The Advance. She was not a good critic, and depended largely for her opinion on what was said in the catalogue about the respective artists. She was standing before the picture of a Lady in Brown, which had been considered sufficiently noteworthy to deserve special mention and a half-tone reproduction, when Muriel Fairchild and the Misses Van Tauber entered the room.

Mrs. Langdon closed her notebook and transferred her attention from the picture to the girl, whom she had admired ever since the latter had refused to allow her portrait to be published in The Advance. She recalled to her mind the ideal she had created for herself before she, in her contact with Bohemia, had torn it down and trampled it under foot. She told herself that it did her good to look at a creature so young, so genuine, so utterly unspoiled.

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The three girls had paused on the opposite side of the room to look at a picture, but it had not the power to hold the sad-eyed attention of Muriel, who began to gaze about her.

Mrs. Langdon caught her glance, and while she held it she determined she would not be the first to show recognition, and wondered if Muriel would again greet her. To her surprise, the girl smiled and nodded, and, excusing herself from her companions, came across the room.

"I was so sorry not to have been in when you called the other day," she said, holding out her hand. "I'd gone to a matinée with Mr. Harrison."

"I was sorry to miss you," returned the newspaper woman sincerely. "Really, I was a little afraid you wouldn't care to see me, Miss Fairchild."

"I—I don't quite understand," stammered Muriel, somewhat embarrassed.

Mrs. Langdon laughed and glanced toward the Misses Van Tauber, whose straight backs could be seen going through the doorway of the next room.

"I was afraid you might be a little under the influence of those swell friends of yours, who look down on my calling, and, perhaps, on my way of taking life."

"I don't know how they look at such things," returned Muriel, still feeling the awkwardness of the situation, "but I'm sure I've not taken such an unfair view."

Mrs. Langdon fumbled with her notebook for a moment, and then she said:

"I'm fond of being perfectly truthful and frank, at least occasionally, and I am going to confess that it was really a sort of guilty feeling that made me think you might not want to meet me again."

"I'm still in the dark, Mrs. Langdon."

"You see, when I saw you at the wedding the other night I noticed how agitated Mr. Lee seemed by your presence, and then I discovered that he was an old friend of yours."

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"Yes?" murmured the girl, still mystified.

"I couldn't keep from seeing that you like him—sympathize with him, and all that, and I didn't see how you could forgive me for what I wrote about his engagement."

"Oh!" exclaimed Muriel coldly, "I begin to understand. I did not, however, know that you did it. Oh, how could you?"

Mrs. Langdon drew her to a seat.

"Sit down with me just a moment," she said tremulously. "I want to try to explain—to justify myself a little. It looks like a very mean thing, but still——"

"But still," repeated Muriel firmly.

"I really thought it would be the means of bringing him to his senses," went on the newspaper woman. "My method would have succeeded with nine men out of ten, and I can't tell why it failed. He can't be in love with her—it's absurd! But that afternoon, when she announced their engagement to me in his presence, I saw his danger. I had met him and liked him, and predicted his success; but when I saw she had trapped him I thought a sharp bit of public ridicule would bring him to his senses and the engagement would be broken."

"A man as honorable as he would never forsake a woman under such circumstances," said Muriel. "He may have entered the engagement impulsively, and might have withdrawn from it if the affair had not been made public, but he would never do so after the publicity you gave the matter."

"Ah! I see; I'd not thought of that!" cried Mrs. Langdon. "Well, I do sincerely admire the fellow now."

"He felt very grateful toward her, too," added Muriel.

"Grateful!" exclaimed Mrs. Langdon with a start. "Do you mean that she helped him—that she advanced money?"

Muriel was silent, the blood mantling her brow. She had said more than she intended to say, but it had been only on account of her intense desire to justify Wilmot.

"Ah, how contemptible!" cried Mrs. Langdon. "I see the whole solution now. She resorted to her old trick of using her dead husband's earnings."

"I didn't say——" feebly began the girl.

"I know you did not, my dear!" broke in Mrs. Langdon, patting Muriel's hand. "I discovered it myself. I remember now I did hear the poor boy was short of funds, and could get no one to accept his stories. Poor fellow! and I have made him ridiculous before the world."

Dorothea rose. "I see your friends looking in at the door," she said. "I know I'm keeping you."

Mrs. Langdon went back to the Lady in Brown and opened her notebook, but her fingers trembled. She broke the point of her pencil.

"I'm no earthly good when I am angry," she said to herself. "I shall simply have to see that woman before I can write a line or feel like myself. Poor girl! What a lady she is, and how she does love him; and I have been cruel—really cruel!"

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Thirty-fifth Chapter

"I WAS afraid I'd find Mr. Lee here," Mrs. Langdon remarked as she sat down in Mrs. Sennett's drawing-room twenty minutes later. Her cheeks were flushed from a rapid cab-drive, and she looked much younger than usual.

"No; I hardly expect him," answered Mrs. Sennett languidly. "He used to come every afternoon about this time, until——"

Mrs. Sennett's hesitation was just long enough for her visitor to interpolate an ending to the remark.

"Until you became engaged! Significant, isn't it?"

Mrs. Sennett was in the act of sitting down on an ottoman near Mrs. Langdon, and finished the movement with a perpendicular drop of at least a foot. Her heavy earrings swung wildly to and fro from a cheek that an instant later paled.

"What do you mean, Dolly?" she gasped.

"For gracious sake, don't call me Dolly! I can't stand it from women; besides, I have come to have it out with you." Mrs. Langdon thrust the end of her parasol into the ear of a tiger-skin and leaned on it.

"To have it out with me?"

"Yes, the whole business of your engagement to that boy. The cowardly part I took in it has so affected my nerves and conscience that I'm all done up. I've discovered that Lee and Miss Fairchild are old sweethearts, and that with your silly craze for Fauntleroy lovers, and my love for sensational articles and vituperative spite, they've been parted. She's a noble young woman, and he's a man with a future, but your engagement has broken her heart and blocked his progress."

"Blocked his progress!" gasped Mrs. Sennett, quivering from head to foot, a blended light of fear and anger flashing in her eyes.

"Yes; King & Burton are holding back his book because of the publicity of the whole thing. I happen to know that."

Mrs. Sennett rose to her feet and stood erect before her visitor.

"Dorothea Langdon, be careful what you say!" she blurted out. "You have already taken too many liberties with my name and character. Mr. Lee has asked me to marry him of his own free will, and——"

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"How could he do otherwise with that obligation hanging over him and your prating about your loneliness breaking your heart, and all the rest of that sickening twaddle?"

"Obligation?" repeated Mrs. Sennett slowly and softly, as if afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"Yes, you know you advanced money to him; you needn't deny it!"

"Who told you that?"

"I don't care to say," replied Mrs. Langdon.

"He has paid me every cent I ever loaned him," replied Mrs. Sennett, trying to seem indignant. "I suppose you'll publish a statement that he was bought, as they did when Mr. Printup and I were engaged."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Woman Who Trusted, was begun in No. 48 of the POST, May 28.

"I'll publish nothing that will harm you if you'll be sensible," said Mrs. Langdon. "I'll disguise the truth to any degree you wish. You may as well listen to me, you know, for I have made up my mind that you shall not crush the heart out of that young girl nor the ambition out of him."

Mrs. Sennett summoned up the courage to point dramatically toward the door.

"You'd better leave me, Mrs. Langdon," she said. "I have heard quite enough."

"But I really am not through with you," calmly said the member of the Woman's Press Club, and she made a thrust at the glass eye of the stuffed tiger-head by way of emphasis. "The truth is, I'm going to carry my point, one way or another. We are both in a contemptible mess, unworthy of women of your age and my experience. Now, if you'll listen to me, I'll get both of us out gracefully; if you don't——" The sentence tapered off into an eloquent silence.

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Mrs. Sennett confessed her defeat when her extended arm sank slowly to her side.

"I don't follow you," she said.

"I'm weary of being rough on unoffending human beings," said Mrs. Langdon, with a contemptuous look at her weak sister. "People are beginning to say my articles have their origin only in envy and spite. It is detrimental to my ambition, and I really dislike to contemplate what I shall have to rake up and say about you if you defy me in this. Without boasting, I could make your name a street-corner and household joke from Maine to California."

Mrs. Sennett sank down on her ottoman.

"What do you want of me?" she asked.

"The simplest thing in the world," was the reply. "All you have to do will be to write Mr. Lee that you've thought the matter over and decided that the disparity in your ages makes it advisable for you to break off the engagement."

"Your plan is to force me to do this against my will?"

"You were forced to give up 'Printy,' you know, and what credit did you ever derive from that?"

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Mrs. Sennett squirmed on the ottoman as if it hurt her.

"But what you've said in print has done Mr. Lee the injury, if injury has been done," she said.

"If the engagement's broken I can retract what I've said," continued Mrs. Langdon. "I have never taken back-water in my life, but for the sake of this young couple and their happiness I'm willing, for once, to acknowledge that I had been misinformed in regard to the engagement. Along with this statement, I should give him such a booming mention as a writer that no one would for a moment credit the report that such a man ever thought of marrying a woman like—well, a woman for her money."

Mrs. Sennett rested her elbows on her knees and buried her face in her hands. For a moment neither spoke, then she said:

"I hate you—I hate you from the bottom of my heart, and I believe all the reports ever circulated about you. There!"

"That's not to the point," answered Mrs. Langdon, biting her lip. "Do you agree to the terms? I'm on my way to the office now. If you don't consent, I shall make you such a guy that the elevator-boy will grin in your face as you go down to breakfast, the waiters will refuse to wait on you, and the proprietor will drive you out of the Galatin in spite of all your money. Is it a go?"

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"I shall write to Mr. Lee," reluctantly consented Mrs. Sennett, when she had reflected a moment. "After all, I—I was foolish. Won't you have a cup of tea?"

"No, I thank you," returned Mrs. Langdon, putting on her veil. "I must hurry down and set to work on the article. I feel as if I am going to do a good thing. You needn't be afraid—I shall not be hard on you, either. I'll let you down as lightly as if you really deserved some mercy."

"You don't really mean that!" exclaimed Mrs. Sennett, ignoring the sharp sting hidden in the words.

"I certainly do mean it."

"Well, I am going to give you that shawl you admired last night," said Mrs. Sennett. "As you say, it doesn't suit me, and it is just the thing for you, and you will find it useful when you have to hurry from one entertainment to another as you have to do so often."

"How very sweet of you," answered Mrs. Langdon gratefully, for she was feeling light-hearted and content from the success of her efforts to set things right. "By-the-way, I think I should like to wear it to Mrs. Staunton's reading to-night if it's all the same to you. You may tell your maid to take it up to my rooms sometime doing the day; there's a dear. Good-by."

Thirty-sixth Chapter

THE next morning as Wilmot returned to his room after breakfast, he received this letter from Mrs. Sennett:

"*My Dear Mr. Lee:* Mrs. Langdon has brought me to my senses with one of her straight talks. For some time the truth has been dawning on me that the disparity in our ages rendered us unsuited to each other, but I was simply too weak and foolish to admit the truth to myself. I see, too, that you would simply never consent to live on my means, and situated as we both are it would be hard to effect a compromise that would be agreeable. I love travel, luxurious surroundings, and everything money could secure, but I see that your pride would prevent you from enjoying these things with me. The whole affair was a mistake, and I hope you will release me from the engagement. Dorothea has agreed to straighten the matter out by acknowledging in The Advance that she was misinformed, and there was nothing between us except friendship. I hope you won't object to this 'white lie,' for it will do away with the gossip quicker than anything else. I have a letter begging me to visit my sister in San Francisco and I shall leave to-morrow. Perhaps you'd better not call again."

Wilmot did not read the letter through then, but dropped it on his table and, turning to a window, looked out over the city.

"Free! Free!" he exclaimed. "Thank God, I'm actually a free man, with the world—the whole world—before me!"

Obeying an uncontrollable impulse to feel the expanse of space above him, he put on his hat and went down for a walk. Passing a news-stand on the corner he caught sight of a copy of The Advance and purchased it. Mrs. Langdon's article was there; he saw his name in big letters among the headlines. She had written it beautifully, and so plausibly that its veracity could not have been questioned by any one not familiar with all the facts. This was followed by a few mild words in Mrs. Sennett's favor, and a column of enthusiastic praise of Wilmot as a writer of rare ability and promise.

Wilmot walked on and sat down in Madison Square, conscious now of but one desire—that Muriel Fairchild should at once see the article, understand Mrs. Langdon's motive in writing it, and rejoice with him in his great happiness over his release. He felt at peace with all the world.

For one instant the possibility of eventually winning Muriel flashed into his mind but he tried to subdue it. He did not want to meet her now; he really hoped he should not see her till the present sensation had passed out of the mind of every one. Yes, he would avoid her now, for a while at least, as persistently as before. People should not have the slightest cause to connect her name with his after the publicity into which his thoughtlessness had brought him.

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Thirty-seventh Chapter

"WELL, what do you think of that?" said Richard Soul to the senior member of the firm, who entered reading The Advance.

"I'm afraid we've treated the young man with undue haste, and pretty shabbily," answered Mr. King. "And I confess it was my fault. I'm an old fogy, and I needn't deny it."

"What do you think we ought to do about it?" asked Soul.

Mr. King met the question with another.

"What excuse did you give for the postponement?"

"None at all."

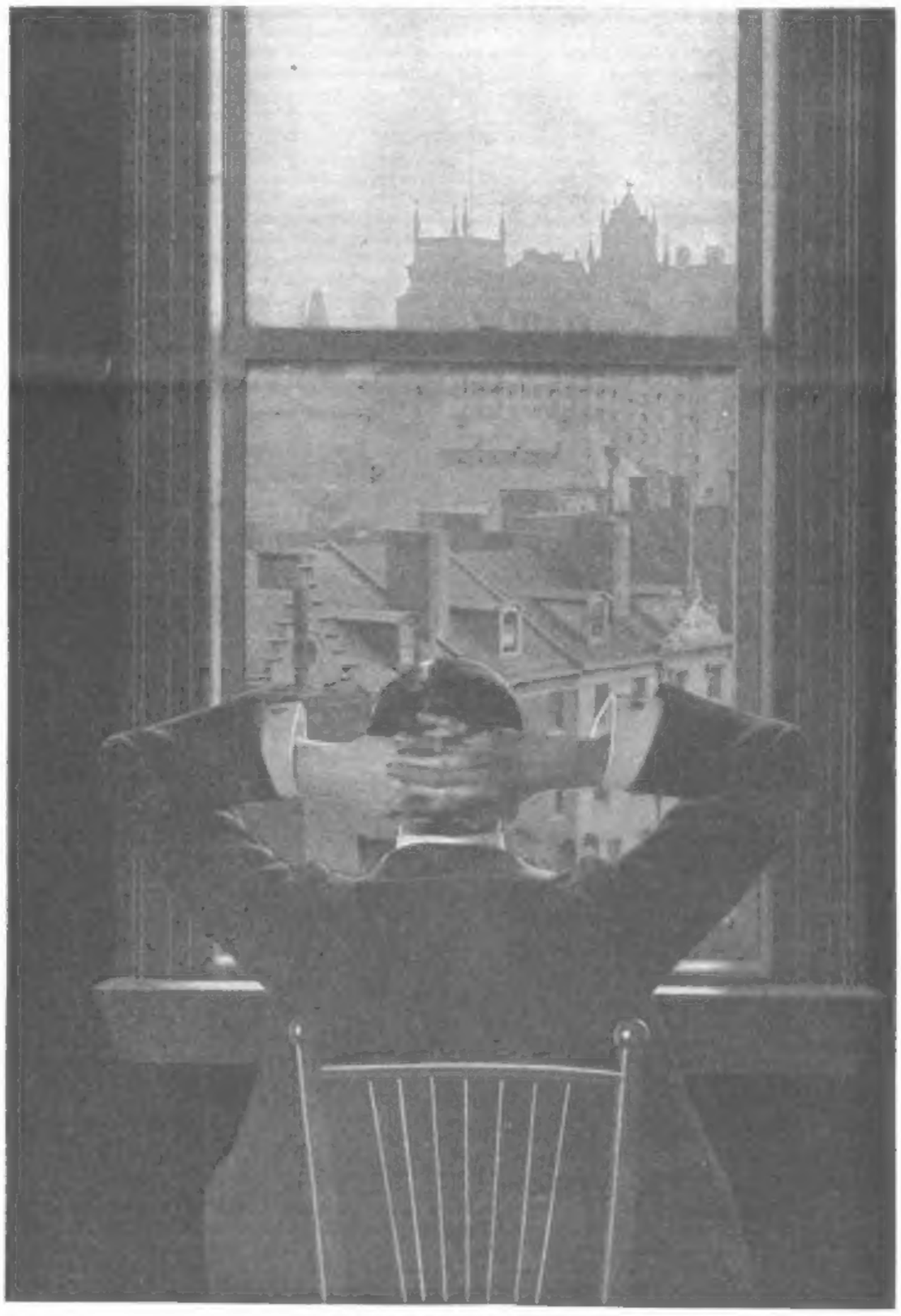
"And what sort of a reply did you get from him?"

"None at all."

"Good! I like his pluck. I've just finished reading his book. It is great!" exclaimed Mr. King. "I like his style. I was just thinking he would be a good London correspondent for our paper."

The manager started in surprise.

"I hadn't thought of it, but I really believe you're right," he said. "It wouldn't take him long to get into harness, either."



"'FREE! FREE! THANK GOD, I'M ACTUALLY A FREE MAN, WITH THE WORLD—THE WHOLE WORLD—BEFORE ME!'"

"I think this would be a good time to launch him. Everything that is said will now be in his favor, and Mrs. Langdon's article will prepare the critics for something beyond the average."

That afternoon Wilmot called in response to Soul's telegram. The manager was exceedingly polite.

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Lee, about the publication of your book," he said. "We are sorry about the delay, but it was unavoidable."

"It really didn't make a bit of difference," replied the author in a spirit of independence. "If you don't care to use it, I'll take the manuscript away."

"Oh, it wasn't that!" said the manager quickly; "we have already given the book to the printers, and booming announcements have gone to the newspapers all over the country. I sent for you to consult you about the title-page, the quality of paper, the size and general style of the book. We want to please our authors, and we want them to please the public. You see, we want you to be one of us, and hope you'll give us the right to bring out your next book."

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"I can't do that," answered Wilmot.

"You cannot?" The note of surprise in Soul's voice was very distinct.

"I shall make no such promise to any one," said Wilmot.

The manager moved restlessly in his chair.

"You mean that you would refuse to allow us to handle your next novel?"

"If I write another; yes."

"I see," said Soul, "you are blaming us for the delay in your book."

"Not at all; you were only looking out for your interests; I want to look out for mine. In the future, I shall not deal with any firm that's likely to withhold my work from the public because of any newspaper report about my private affairs."

The manager shrugged his shoulders and fingered his paperweight nervously. He touched the button of an electric call-bell.

"Ask Mr. King if he can step in here," he said to the office-boy.

Mr. King came in and shook hands with Wilmot.

"Mr. Lee is a little too much for me," Soul admitted with a smile. "He feels hurt about our delay, and ascribes it to that unpleasant rumor in The Advance."

Mr. King flushed to the roots of his white hair and looked confused.

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"No one is so much to blame as I am," he said in an embarrassed tone. "I confess I didn't like to bring out a man right on the heels of such a—well, such a sensation as that. I'm very sorry to have caused you inconvenience, and am ready to make all amends possible."

It was the gray head, the quavering voice that appealed to Wilmot's better nature.

"Don't say anything more about it," he said. "When I have written another book you shall see it, and we'll talk it over."

"Good," exclaimed Mr. King, laying his hand on Wilmot's shoulder. "You and I will yet be good friends."

He turned to Soul.

"Have you mentioned the London matter to him?" he asked.

The manager shook his head, and entered into a rather lengthy explanation of what they wished.

"It would be just the thing for you," said Mr. King impulsively when Soul had concluded. "We own the Literary Day, you know, and need a regular correspondent over there. The salary isn't great, but it would cover your expenses, and you would have ample time for any other work."

"I can think of nothing I should like more," said Wilmot, and then his face clouded. "I'm afraid it would be hard for me to get established over there. You see, I have been earning but little so far."

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"We can easily get around that," said the old man. "We often make a payment of royalty in advance on a promising work, and we can easily give you several hundred on account of your book."

"Then I accept your offer, and thank you," answered Wilmot.

"Can you be ready to sail in a week?" Mr. King asked, as he grasped Wilmot's hand and turned to go away.

"Easily," was the quick and glad reply.

When Wilmot had gone away, Mr. King looked into Soul's office. "I like him better than ever," he said, smiling and rubbing his hands together in his relief and satisfaction at the pleasant conclusion of his interview with Wilmot. "You know I was favorably impressed with him at first—before that unpleasant affair came up. He will do us credit over there; you can depend upon it!"

"Do you suppose we could get him?"

"I think he would jump at it. Frank Harrison told Lester the other day that Lee was seeking a position."

Mr. King deliberated a moment before he answered; then, as if relieved, he said:

"Write him to call, and talk the matter over; he may not care to leave America. How soon can you get his book under way?"

"Immediately. I was talking to the foreman about it just now."

Mr. King laughed heartily.

"Oh, you were—so you thought, yourself, that we ought to be expeditious—now?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

At the House of the Scarlet Witch

-by Max Pemberton-

In Two Parts... Part First....

THE Abbé Morellet heard the ring of hoofs upon the dusty road behind him, and instantly stopped his long-suffering white pony. He was a man of alarms, this excellent Abbé; and his two servants, being dutiful servants, were for the occasion men of alarms also. All three had heard strange stories of the perils of those travelers rash enough to venture after sunset upon the great western highway to Paris; all had begun to regret the necessity which had carried them from the peaceful presbytery near Rambouillet to the wood upon the outskirts of the great city. Yet here they were, at eight o'clock of a summer's evening, in the year 1762, still three leagues from Paris, with dark already threatening them, and all the tales of bogies and of robbers ringing in their ears like a passing bell in the ears of men about to be hanged.

"It is my opinion," said the Abbé, addressing François, his valet—"it is my opinion that we are followed by the three young men who delayed us at the Maison Rouge. I can see a cloud of dust upon the horizon, and I count three horses."

François, the valet, and Jean, the groom, hastened in their turn to check the asses which they rode, and to inspect the winding highway which they had traversed with so many misgivings.

Being ready men, their tongues presently wagged together, and they declared themselves willing to submit to untold tortures if they also did not see a cloud of dust upon the horizon and count three horses.

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"Sapristi," cried François, the valet; "I suspected those fellows from the beginning."

Jean, the groom, who watched the approaching horsemen with fearful eyes, yet was unwilling to betray himself, remembered now that he had been for going on, too.

"Oh," cried he, "if you rogues are not footpads I never saw one. Did you mark how they kept their faces masked even when they sat at meat? We shall all be dead men presently; rely upon it."

The Abbé, who nursed a secret suspicion that the groom spoke the truth, told him, nevertheless, to hold his tongue. He consoled himself with the thought that his personal property was not worth a louis to any rogue; he knew he had but ten crowns to his pouch, and those he would surrender readily. Indeed, he began to frame a little speech, in which he determined both to rebuke the robbers and to conciliate them. And this was still troubling his mind considerably when the three men rode up at a gallop.

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They were an uncommon trio—all dressed elegantly, all mounted upon horses which might well have come from the King's stable. The Abbé, stealing glances at them when he lifted his eyes a moment from his breviary, did not fail to observe the shining embroidery upon their vests, nor the rich ruffles falling delicately upon their wrists, nor the diamonds glistening upon their fingers. He saw plainly that his pursuers were men of quality, and that two of them were singularly finely built, while the third possessed a figure so slim and delicately proportioned that it might well have been the figure of a young girl. But all three were masked as they had been at the tavern, and this fact alone kept the Abbé's suspicions alive.

"Sirs," said he, closing his breviary with a sudden snap, "I observe that you wish to speak with me."

"My Lord, the Bishop of Blois," began the tallest of the men, while he doffed his plumed hat with a gesture of profound respect, "it is evident that you are a stranger upon the road to Paris——"

The Abbé interrupted him with a momentary display of irritation.

"My son," said he, "I pray you address me by my own name, and not by that to which I have no title. It is true that the Bishop of Blois is, unhappily, dead, but under no circumstances is it possible that so unworthy a successor should be found for the See as the humble priest who has lately enjoyed your hospitality. I, gentlemen, am the Abbé Morellet, curé of the village of Yvette, a man with whom the Princes of the Church may well concern themselves but little. I go to Paris now to carry my ward Corinne—you may know her as Mademoiselle de Montesson, gentlemen—to a convent of Benedictine nuns at Charenton. And Heaven forbid that I should aspire to such a great distinction as you have just named."

He spoke with great dignity, being a man accustomed to command in his own little world. His manner was that of one who has made an end of the argument; but the three horsemen, who maintained a fine gravity of demeanor during the parley, would not be put off by it; and they now held their horses at the walk while the leader answered the obstinate Abbé.

"My Lord Bishop," said he, "I fear that you jest with us. We know you well, and we are concerned to find you abroad here at such an hour. The Church has too few faithful servants that one of the stoutest of her champions should make himself a mark for footpads. Do you forget that you are about to enter the wood of St. Cloud, and that it is the time of sunset?"

The Abbé looked surprised.

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"Sirs," said he, "I have never ridden to Paris but once before in all my life, and whether that be St. Cloud or another place I am, indeed, unable to tell you. Yet for any warning or direction you may be pleased to give me you will find a grateful listener. I am but a simple priest, gentlemen, and I cannot think that any robber would stoop to find a victim so unprofitable. Heaven be my witness that I have an unpleasant duty to perform in the city yonder. Authority, sirs, is a physic which the surgeon may hesitate to employ until both persuasion and counsel have been administered. Too long have I been patient—the day for that has passed. Even though the King himself were to intercede, my purpose should be delayed no more. To-morrow, gentlemen, all Paris shall hear that the Hôtel Beautreillis is closed, and that its mistress—my ward—is safe within the convent walls at Charenton."

The Abbé was emphatic. He brought his pompous speech to a fitting close with a good thwack of the cudgel nicely laid upon the pony's quarters. His two servants, always imitative, laid two sticks smartly upon the backs of their asses, and all began to ride at a good trot toward the park of St. Cloud. As for the three horsemen, they seemed to enjoy the Abbé's company immensely, and they kept close at his side, while merry glances passed between them; and the youngest of the three, who had the figure of a girl, bent low, the better to escape observation. Thus they all came together to the summit of the hill, wherefrom they could see the thick woods about the château of St. Cloud, with the River Seine flowing like a river of blood in the valley, and Paris herself away in the distance, the sunlight making red blotches of her domes and towers, and shining with a deep crimson from a thousand west-turned windows. Here the three strangers drew in rein, and one of them, who had not spoken before, addressed the Abbé in a few parting words.

"My Lord Bishop," said he, regardless of the Abbé's protests, "you go on a bold task. There have been many before this who have sought to stand between Corinne de Montesson and her pleasures. Do you seek for them, you will find them in all the prisons of Paris, or gone to the wars for shame of their defeat. Beware how you act, then, and think yourself a lucky man if you ride into Paris at all! Nay, I will wager you a thousand crowns that this time to-morrow night you are very glad to see us and to get back to Yvette with what speed you may. You wood is full of strange sights and sounds, my lord—many a man who has entered it at sundown has been known no more when dawn has come. Look to your steps, I beseech you; and Heaven grant that the witches of St. Cloud may respect the path of the Lord Bishop of Blois."

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He doffed his cap as the other had done, and all three bowing with ready grace, presently they set spurs to their horses and disappeared at a gallop into the heart of the wood. The good Abbé, who had been so content at first to think that some mistake had led them to give him so distinguished a title, now became very angry, and not a little alarmed at their persistence.

"A plague on them and their Bishop of Blois as well!" cried he; "three tipsy gallants, I will wager, ridden out of the palace to point the finger at me! I should not be surprised to hear that Corinne has sent them. It is well known that she is a friend to footpads. Possibly she has saved them from the gallows. But she shall gain nothing by this. Though she fall on her knees before me, I will carry her to the convent. The day for mercy has passed."

The reflection pleased the Abbé. He had been made guardian of pretty Corinne de Montesson, who, as all the world knew, was mistress of the great Hôtel Beautreillis in Paris, upon the death of her father, the Count. For his part, he would have sent her to a convent at once, there to complete her education, which he thought had been sadly neglected. But the King had put in a word; and so Corinne was left in her great house to be the friend of all the ne'er-do-wells in the city and to disgrace, as the good Abbé said, the proud position to which she had been called. Had she done anything for him personally, his anger, possibly, would have been more moderate. But, notwithstanding her professions of love, he remained the simple curé of Yvette—and there he had fretted two years over his misfortunes. Then came the tidings that Corinne had helped the notorious Coq le Roi, the highwayman, to escape from Sartines, the new Lieutenant of Police. The news awoke the Abbé to his old resolutions in regard to dealing with his ward.

"I will go to Paris," said he, "and place her with the good nuns of Charenton. She is like a little wild animal; her claws must be cut. I have been merciful too long."

This seemed a very simple resolution in theory; but when the Abbé entered the dark wood of St. Cloud after his conversation with the three jesters in the masks, the practice of it began to be difficult. He remembered that the last time he had been to Paris they had led him such a life in the great house that he had been truly thankful to get back to his little hamlet and to his own people. He had a lurking suspicion that his authority might be laughed at again. Besides, he was not in Paris yet; and there before him lay the dark wood against which the strangers had warned him.

"Bah!" said he, as he quitted the high-road and plunged into the darkness of the silent thicket, "strange sights and sounds, indeed! Am I a child to be frightened by old women's tales? Never let it be said! Thank God, there is a ducking-stool still for witches; and I shall know where to complain if I am molested. We must be in Paris before midnight, that is certain."

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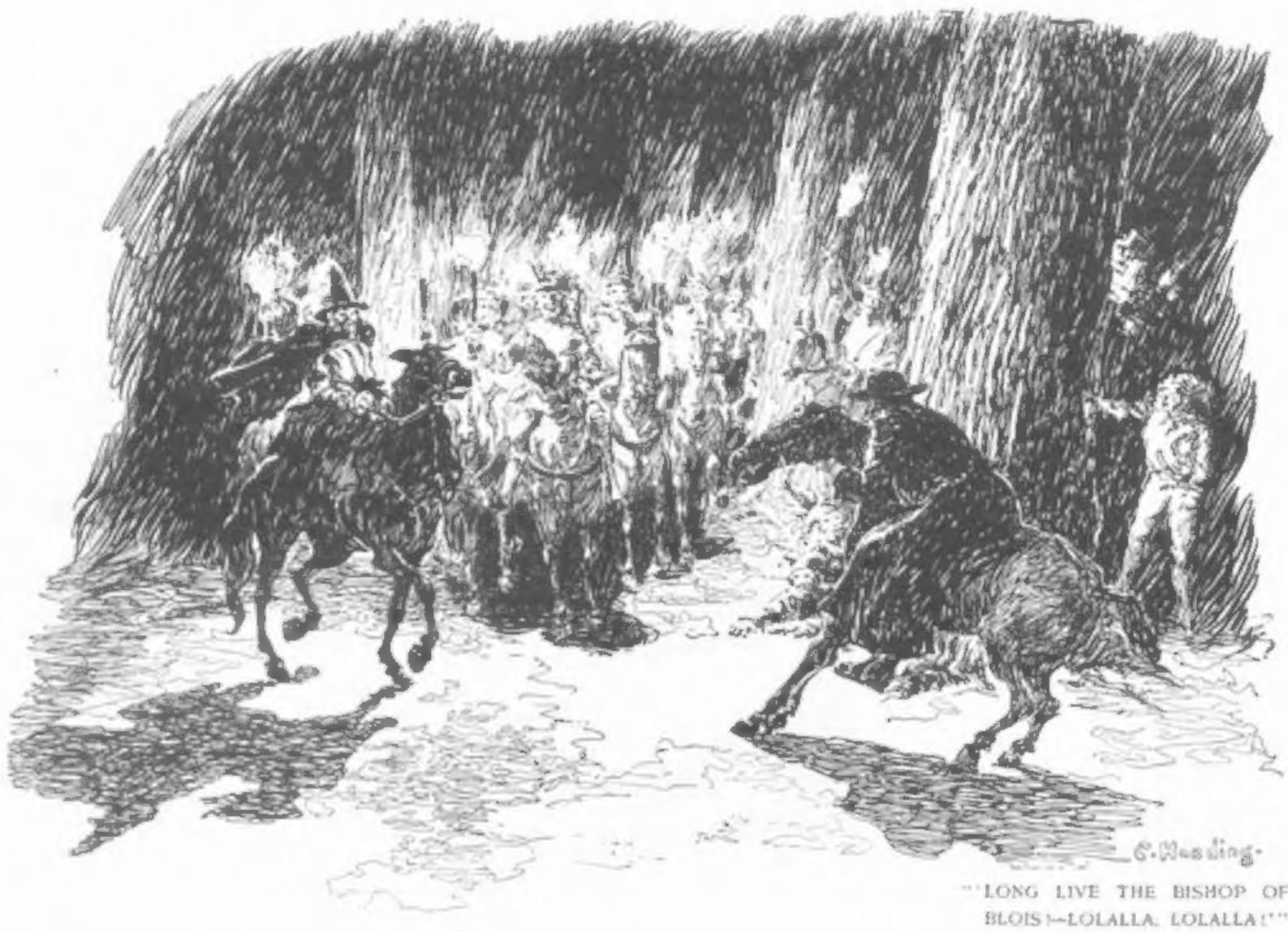
The reflection comforted him. It was very dark in the wood, and so silent that the sound of distant church bells or the barking of dogs sounded like voices from a far-off world. The sun had sunk below the rim of the western hills; and only a deep blue-gray light, blended with pink at the peaks of the clouds, marked the lingering day. In the thickets themselves the mystery and spell of the night were already omnipotent.

The Abbé could not put off a feeling of foreboding. His two servants did not attempt any such task. They told each other, consolingly, that they would be dead men before morning; and so they rode, hand-in-hand, each devoutly hoping that the other would be the victim of the night, and that the Abbé, their master, would precede them to the grave. No superstition was too gross for them to believe. They swallowed every goblin and witch and demon dwarf that tradition had named for a hundred years.

There was not one ghost in all France that they would not have staked their lives upon. And here at St. Cloud—where every village lad could tell you of the scarlet witch, who rode upon the wings of the wind when the sun had set and the elves were abroad in the forest—what miracle, they asked, could save them from the awful perils of an actual encounter with her?

"I have heard it said," muttered François to Jean as they drove their asses further into the wood, "that you have but to look upon the woman to be forever blind."



"'LONG LIVE THE BISHOP OF BLOIS!—LOLALLA, LOLALLA!'"

Jean drew his shoulders together.

"God grant that our master sees her first," said he, while his teeth chattered with fright.

"And worse than that," said the valet; "if you are young and good-looking, she will kiss you upon the forehead, and then you are branded like one who has been sent to the galleys for life."

Jean sighed dolefully.

"Saint Denis!" said he. "I knew how it would be. We shall die here, comrade—and for what? Because we follow our master. Is that our duty? I tell you he is no longer himself. Did you hear how you fellows

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called him? Be sure of it, they have bewitched him already. I am ready to die for the Abbé of Yvette; but a plague upon me if I ride another league for the Lord Bishop of Blois."

He stopped his ass with the word, and François, the valet, made haste to imitate him. They were at this moment in a glade so deeply bordered by chestnut trees that you could scarce see a patch of the gray sky above. The moss beneath their feet was soft and yielding, and the ass' feet sunk in it almost to the hocks. The figure of the Abbé was scarce to be discerned, although he rode but twenty paces before them. It was a gloomy spot—dark, threatening, lonely. A stag, which leaped up at their coming, set the hearts of the cowardly pair beating like pumps. And just at the supreme moment of their alarm, what should they see in the hollow but a great flash of crimson light, which lit up the brake about them until every twig seemed to have been dipped in blood, every tree trunk to be a scarlet phantom, conjured up by the ghostly flames. Twice the light flashed—lurid, smoking, terrible—then darkness fell; and from the wood there came a scream of many voices, raised in an awful wail, like the wail of departed spirits, or of men in their agony. At the first flash the Abbé's pony stood still, shivering with fear. Nor was his master in any better plight.

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"François!" roared the Abbé. "Jean, do you not hear me? God help us all—what a thing to see!"

But François and Jean heard nothing. They were even then on their way back to Yvette at all the speed of which asses are capable. Long the Abbé called them in language which the church might not have approved, but which the occasion and the Abbé's fear demanded. When he found at last that he was alone beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and it seemed that a hundred spirits were mocking him.

"Oh," groaned he, "what do I see—where am I—who is it that follows me? That I should have left my home to come to such a place! Heaven help me or I am lost!"

He beat his pony the more in his fear, and driving the unwilling beast through the thicket only by a generous application of his cudgel, he came at last out upon a sward upon which great trees cast shadows of fantastic shape. The spot was desolate enough for anything; but it was lighter than the copse he had just quitted, and the stars shining brightly in the gray heaven above seemed to cast down a message of courage.

"Come," said the Abbé to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and began to take heart a little, "why do I fear when I have but ten crowns in my pocket? Who would harm the curé of Yvette? Not the footpads of St. Cloud, I am sure. And I do not believe in phantoms—certainly, they are for hags' tales. What I saw was the fire of some charcoal burner. No doubt that was it. My men will come up presently, and we will all go on together. I could laugh to remember what a figure I cut."

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He did laugh at the remembrance, but it was a poor attempt—hollow and mocking like the thought which bred it. And he began now to be very anxious for the company of his servants, bidding them come forth from the thicket, where he believed them still to lie.

"François! Jean!" he bawled, "it is I, your master, who calls you. What do you fear, knaves? Am I not here to protect you? Oh, surely I will lay my cudgel upon your backs to-morrow."

To his amazement neither Jean nor François answered his appeal; but in the wood behind him there arose again the eerie wail and now it was long-sustained and piercing, like the wail of witches upon the wing.

"Hail to the Lord Bishop of Blois!" was the cry; "hail, hail! Whither he goes, there go we—lolalla, lolalla, lolalla!"

The echo flew from wood to wood and grove to grove, until it died away in moaning sighs afar, at the heart of the forest. When the last note was stilled the Abbé heard a voice, sweet, and fresh, and young, crying:

"What shall be done to the Lord Bishop of Blois?"

And from the woods the answer came:

"He must suffer—he must suffer!—lolalla, lolalla, lolalla!"

A loud peal of laughter followed the words, and while the laughter rang the thicket was lit again with the flaming scarlet light. The Abbé's heart threatened to stand still when he saw, grouped there upon the green, the strangest company he had ever beheld in all his life. Dressed in scarlet, some like devils, some like dwarfs, some like hideous creatures with horns protruding from their brows, the throng appeared to be led by a woman whose sugar-loaf cap and sweeping crimson skirts answered in all things to the popular pictures of a witch. When the Abbé beheld her she rode upon a great black horse, but those around her were mounted upon white ponies; and the whole company galloping out of the wood presently surrounded the trembling ecclesiastic.

"Long live the Lord Bishop of Blois!—lolalla, lolalla!"

It was a strange scene. The torches, which many of the masqueraders had now lighted, cast a lurid glow upon the scarlet dresses and masks and whitened faces of the dwarfs and demons and horrid monsters who now flocked about the amazed curé of Yvette. He, on his part, knew not whether the whole were a hideous dream, or the perpetration of some masquerade of which he was to be the victim. Possibly deep down in his mind there was born the question—are these human things or spiritual? Even the learned were gross in superstition in the middle of the eighteenth century; and the excellent Abbé was no wiser than other men—perhaps even a little more prone to believe in omens and the unseen than the common citizen. No wonder then if the terror of the wood and the dark of the night, and the horrid yells of the horned and hoofed company which now swarmed about him, contributed to his bewilderment. A hundred possibilities occurred to him while the cries were still ringing in his ears. He had heard of the terrible jests which courtly masqueraders had perpetrated on those who were obnoxious to them. Could he have given offense in high places, or was it true, after all, that the woods of St. Cloud were peopled by spirits and elves and witches, and that he had fallen into their power? He said he would believe no such tale. Rather would he take courage; and if this were a jest of Corinne's, then should two years be her portion in the convent.

With this resolution to nerve him, he turned of a sudden upon the horde who pressed about him, and began to argue.

"Sirs," said he, "I have heard much talk of the Lord Bishop of Blois, and I see plainly that you mistake me for him. Know, then, that I am but a simple priest, the curé of Yvette, sirs, and that I ride to Paris upon an affair of very great importance."

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He spoke the words very slowly but to his astonishment no one gave any answer. All together, witches, dwarfs, and demons, they began to repeat his explanation in a sort of monotone, the key of which changed, note by note, until it rose to a discordant and unearthly shriek.

The Abbé, deafened by the clamor put his fingers into his ears, and began to shiver with fear.

"Ciel," he murmured, "you are all mad!"

"Ciel," repeated the scarlet company, "we are all mad!"

The sally was roared rather than intoned; and at the end of it the whole company bent low in their saddles, the men doffing their hats to the terrified Abbé, the women blowing kisses to him. Then the scarlet woman raised her fresh voice and asked again:

"What must be done to the Lord Bishop of Blois?"

And for the second time the answer came:

"He must suffer—he must suffer!—lolalla, lolalla, lolalla!"

The Abbé was really frightened now. The wailing melancholy of the chant; the hideous shapes of the men who rode at his side; the strange, distorted, whitened faces seemed to him to resemble nothing human—nothing known. Minute by minute the conviction crept upon him that here was the scarlet witch of whom the common people spoke in their folk-tales. The more he said to himself, "It is a jest," the farther was his mind from accepting that assurance.

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"Oh," he moaned at last, "what do you want with me, what would you do with me?"

"Oh," echoed the crowd with stentorian voice, "what do you want with us, what would you do with us?"

"Sirs," wailed the Abbé, "for pity's sake have done with it, and take me where you will. I have but ten crowns upon me, and those you shall find in my pouch. Get them, I pray you, and permit me to go in peace."

A mocking peal of laughter attended this simple confession.

"What shall be done with the ten crowns of the Lord Bishop of Blois?" asked a great horned goblin, who rode upon the smallest of the small white ponies.

The girl with the crimson hat answered:

"He shall buy a supper at the house of the scarlet witch."

The command moved the company to frenzies of turbulent delight. Before the bewildered Abbé could protest or answer, strong hands had clutched his bridle rein to lead his pony through the woods; other hands had clapped a bandage to his eyes, and knotted it so tightly behind his ears that the whole of the strange vision of grotesque and grinning figures was shut instantly from his view. He knew only that his pony was carrying him rapidly through the forest, that the air became fresher as he mounted to the higher places of the park, that he was led it might have been for the space of ten minutes before his beast was stopped and he was lifted gently to the ground. Never once, however, while the procession moved did the throng cease their unearthly monotone. The chant rose ever as a voice of the night, the wail of spirits wandering, or of phantoms at their pleasure. When it stopped at last, with a sudden crash, the Abbé's pony stopped too. A strong arm encircled his waist; he was lifted from his saddle and bidden to walk; he knew that he was entering some room in a house; a gentle hand forced him into a seat; it removed his bandage; the Abbé could see again; he could look about him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CUPID AND THE ROAST GOOSE

THE STORY OF JANET'S TWO LOVERS

By J. S. FLETCHER

JANET had been five years a widow, and during her widowhood she had prospered exceedingly well. When David, her husband, died, after their brief married life of some seven or eight months, it seemed to her that the world stood still.

She, however, was young and of rudely vigorous health—a buxom lass of two-and-twenty, with a piquant face, in which the roses of her cheeks were set off by the black curliness of her hair—and these facts apparently induced her, the first days of mourning once over, to look at life with new eyes. She determined to be her own mistress, and to be independent of everybody.

With this view she laid out the forty-odd pounds which David had left her in stocking a little shop with general goods. She proved herself an admirable business woman, and at the end of the first year the results were surprisingly favorable.

At the end of five years, Janet found herself confronted by a problem of the most serious description. Ever since her widowhood began she had known what it was to have sweethearts. The young men came to buy their tobacco from her, and lingered, looking sheepishly at her over the counter.

One or two, gradually grown bold, went so far as to ask her to go walking with them. Such she bundled out of the little shop with small respect for their feelings. She was at that time too busily occupied in building up her business and making money to think about such frivolities as love. Sometimes she gave a passing thought to the departed David. Once he had seemed indispensable.

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It was at that time that she took fresh flowers to his grave in the churchyard every week. This was a proof of devotion that was noted by the village folk, but they also noted that in time Janet gave up paying this weekly tribute, and compounded for it by purchasing a wreath of artificial blossoms, which represented in tin the feelings that had been implied in living leaf and bud.

A woman with such a heart as Janet's could not go on through the best days of her life without something to love. She was now twenty-seven—prosperous, buxom, and in the best of health, and a husband seemed to be the sort of luxury most pleasing to her ideas. She began to cast about for suggestions as to which of the young men of her acquaintance would be most acceptable to her.

It was clearly no easy task that Janet set herself, but at the end of three months she had decided that there were only two who seemed to fulfill the requirements.

The first of the two men was Saunders. He occupied the position of head-gardener at the Hall, and had made love to Janet in a quiet and respectable fashion for some time. Saunders was a middle-sized man of middle age, with strict and orthodox ideas on life, money and religion.

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The other man was Robbie—a big, broad-shouldered young giant, who lived at the Holms, and farmed a tract of land that needed all the care he could give it.

Robbie was silent and stupid, with the stupidity of shy youth. He blushed very much when he came into the little shop, and was plainly agitated when Janet's fingers touched his as she gave him his change. Janet knew what these signs meant, and was not displeased to see them. She felt that the more womanly part of her liked Robbie—there was something essentially pleasing to a woman about his sturdy figure and open face. But he was farming a bit of bad land, and she would not like to see her hard-earned money disappear among its weeds.

So far, however, neither of them had made any proposal to her. That made little difference to Janet. She knew her own power, and felt that one glance would bring either of them to her feet. They had both taken to coming to the shop as often as they could find excuse to do so. Janet determined that they should ask her the all-important question.

As fate would have it, it befell that this was accomplished in one day. Upon an October afternoon Robbie drove up in his spring cart, and came into the shop, carrying something carefully wrapped up. This turned out to be a fine goose, of which he begged Janet's acceptance.

Janet accepted the goose—and then somehow or other—the process seeming terribly difficult to the man and ludicrously amusing to the woman—Robbie asked her to accept him, too. Janet would give him no decided answer. She must think it over, she said. That night Saunders, carefully attired in his best, and wearing a pair of gloves, came and made a similar proposal. He was not in the least agitated; his politeness was extreme, his language beautifully chosen, and his manners elegant.

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Saunders," said she, "that I'm in a fix. I'm a practical woman, and I've determined to marry again, and there are two of you that I'm going to choose from. You're one of 'em—there, you may as well know that—and the other's Robbie Scarth. He's asked me, too. I don't know which of you to have."

Mr. Saunders was sympathetic. It was a difficult position, he agreed. A woman, however, had every right to hold such a position if she pleased. He hoped that Janet would decide wisely—and, if he might say so, he would advise her to prefer himself, a man of mature years and wisdom to an inexperienced boy like Mr. Scarth.

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Janet shook her head. She had dim cravings after such things as love and kisses, and it struck her, as she glanced at Mr. Saunders out of her eye-corners, that he did not look the sort of man to kiss.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Saunders," she said, a sudden and brilliant idea striking her. "Robbie brought me a goose to-day. Now, I'll cook it for supper to-morrow night, and you and Robbie shall come, and then I can see the two of you together, and see which I like best. What do you say?"

Mr. Saunders was diplomatic. He knew that a woman should always be humored. Therefore, he applauded the suggestion, feeling sure that his own fine manners and brilliant conversation would put poor Robbie's proficiencies into the shade.

"Then, I'll write him an invitation," said Janet, seizing pencil and paper, "and you can leave it at his house. There you are—and not another word until to-morrow."

Mr. Saunders carried away the note of invitation for Robbie. Once in the road he began to dream of Janet's little fortune. The dream was pleasant, and its pleasures made him forgetful. He walked past the Holms, and the note was undelivered.

The next night supper stood on the table at nine o'clock, and Mr. Saunders and Janet were ready for it. They had waited half an hour for Robbie, and without success. At last Janet's patience gave way.

"We'll wait no longer," she said. "If Master Robbie can't come when he's invited, he can stay away."

"For what we are about to receive," said Mr. Saunders, "may the——"

The shop bell tinkled gently. Janet rose and hurried out, leaving her guest with the fork planted firmly in the savory goose and the knife ready to make play about its breast.

Janet closed the door as she went into the shop. There stood Robbie.

"Oh, so you have come, after all?" she said, rather crossly. "You might have been here in time, at any rate."

"Eh?" said Robbie.

He stared at her in such blank amazement that Janet immediately saw that something had gone wrong somewhere.

"Come out in the garden a minute," she said. Robbie followed her under the trees. It was quite dark there, and that was probably why Janet placed her hand on his arm.

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"Robbie," she said, "didn't Saunders give you a note from me telling you to come to supper to-night?"

"No," said Robbie. "That he didn't."

"Then," said Janet, "why did you come?"

"I came," began Robbie, "because I—because—well—I came to see if——"

By that time Robbie's arm had somehow or other twined itself about Janet's plump waist. As she felt the touch of it Janet knew that it was Robbie and nobody else. Her lips met his, and stayed there.

For five minutes these two forgot Saunders and the goose. Then Janet suddenly remembered both. She gave Robbie a brief account of what had happened, and bade him follow her. They went through the shop. Janet opened the door into the room.

"A tiresome customer," said Mr. Saunders, whose back was toward them.

"A customer big enough to tackle you, Mr. Saunders, any way," said Janet.

She crossed the room and picked up Saunders' hat. With one well-directed movement she flung it into the garden.

"Out you go!" said Janet. "Or——"

She pointed expressively to Robbie, who stood by. Mr. Saunders looked at her, and then at Robbie. He followed his hat.

Janet and Robbie sat down and supped together for the first time. Their chairs were close together, and there were more kisses than mouthfuls of the roast goose on which Mr. Saunders had hoped to feast.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story of Cupid and the Roast Goose is taken from Life in Arcadia by J. S. Fletcher. Published by Macmillan & Company, New York.

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Philadelphia, September 3, 1898

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The Beautiful Side of Selfishness

TO DO justice to ourselves we must properly understand individuality, we must see it in three circles of relationship: First, the duty of the individual to the individual; second, the duty of the individual to his neighbor, his city and his country; and, third, the duty of the individual to his God. There can be no perfect individuality unless there is perfect harmony in these three unities of relationship. There is no natural opposition between them, nor can perfect justice be done in any one of these relations if either of the others be slighted.

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The failure of the best men and women in life is in the first relation—the failure to realize the duty to their individuality. There are women to-day who suffer for others—suffer sorrow, suffer blindly, suffer for fear of gossip, suffer trials, worries and even brutality—suffer, perhaps, because they feel it is a virtue to bear and forbear. They carry self-sacrifice too far. Their self-sacrifice becomes mental, physical, spiritual suicide. That life is changing them, weakening them, lessening their powers to do their duty to their children, to themselves, to society, and to their God. And they are bearing for what? There is perhaps no clearly defined object, but self-sacrifice is not always a virtue. Self-sacrifice in this spirit is made universal, would make all the best surrendering to the worst in life, the good all paying heavy tribute constantly to the selfishness, the weakness, the brutality of the wicked; it would make the angels all slaves to the devils of the world.

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A certain amount of self-sacrifice, of bearing meekly of what others give, is beautiful; it is a virtue. Beyond that it is a sin against individuality, a wrong to one's self. Science to-day can tell the precise melting-point of all the metals, a point at which they can no longer bear the heat. The individual should have his melting-point, beyond which his justice to himself should assert itself. Bear quietly, bear meekly as long as it is just, then there is but one step—rebellion! Righteous rebellion is the beautiful crown of beautiful suffering. It is the assertion of justice to one's individuality. The Almighty Himself bore with the wickedness of the cities of the plain for a time, *then* He smote Sodom and Gomorrah from the face of the earth forever.

We can never appreciate individuality in all its importance until we see it in a threefold light. Individuality is the song and the singer, the possessor and the possession. It is the man, and the instrument by which he meets the world. If this individuality be not recognized in its duty to itself, man not only suffers, but he weakens the means by which he can do good to his fellows. He cannot do injury to himself without weakening his power with others.

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This view of individuality will not develop selfishness, caring only for one's self, making that ultimate; it would develop selfness, making self but an individual to whom we should render justice. In the development of selfness there will be harmony on the two other relations of the individual, for the true perfecting needs all. In this developed selfness, a man in his education would not be satisfied with mere memory absorption; he would think. He would say: "To me, in honesty with myself, the symbol of power, the semblance of knowledge, is nothing. I want that power, that strength of knowledge itself. I am not strengthened because others think I have it. My real, my only true life, must commence with perfect justice from my individuality to me, an individual." Such a man in perfect selfness could not wrong his neighbor by mere selfishness. He would say: "I would be doing injustice to myself, to my neighbor, to that large extending circle of relation to God and external law." These three circles of relations are so true, so perfect, that there can be no perfect obedience to one until the others are satisfied, and the larger includes the lesser as the duty of the individual to his God can only be satisfied when he has done his duty to himself, his neighbor, society, and the State.

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Europe as a Mere Spectator

IT IS impossible to determine yet how much of truth there is in the story which comes from London, that England alone prevented the Powers of Europe from actively interfering to prevent our going to war with Spain. We are disposed to believe it only in part. That Continental Europe desired concerted action to save Spain is more than probable, but it is not probable that this desire took the form of a proposition of forcible coercion of the United States. It is more likely that the utmost action that was ever seriously discussed was merely concerted diplomatic pressure, and that this, owing to England's friendly attitude toward us, finally assumed the harmless shape of that visit last spring which the representatives of the Powers paid to Mr. McKinley, when they presented him with a polite note, saying that they hoped there might be peace in Cuba without war with Spain.

But while the Powers spoke thus mildly at Washington, what were they saying at Madrid? Infatuated and suicidal as the Spanish governing class has shown itself to be, the individuals at the head of the Government are not fools. To the representations of the Ambassadors they doubtless pointed out that there was more danger from the factions of Spain than there was from the Army and Navy of the United States, and Continental Europe must have seen that this was true, and that Spain beaten by us would be a better neighbor than Spain in active revolution could possibly be, for revolutions have a disagreeable way of spreading.

But whatever efforts were made by outside influence to prevent the war were made with the Spanish Government, and not with our Government. So it will necessarily be with outside efforts to stop the war, and the idea of any concerted action to compel us to grant peace before we are ready to do so is a mere bugaboo with which to frighten children. When Europe stepped aside before the fight began, she tacitly agreed to remain a mere spectator until the fight was done.

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When Spain can fight no more, she herself will cry for mercy, and she will require no intervention on the part of the Powers to make her cry heard by us. They may be alarmed at our successive crushing victories; they may realize that the smashing of the power of their neighbor is not likely to strengthen their own powers; but they must also realize that if they interfere it must be to compel Spain to give up the fight before she is pounded out of all semblance to her former self, and not to compel us to stop fighting before our victory is complete. When Spain is at our mercy, if we shall dictate terms of peace which shall change the map of the world in another hemisphere than this, then, and not until then, will we be called upon to concern ourselves with the attitude of the Powers of Europe.

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Our War of Inhumanity

IF OUR hundred-days' war with Spain has shown to us and to the world our strength, our greatness, it has shown just as plainly our lamentable and inexcusable weakness. Our course at the beginning of the struggle and throughout the entire conflict was irreproachable. Not an act of men or officers but brought honor to our flag. But the record of the closing days of the war is not so bright. Recent events have shown that the War Department has been most shamefully and grossly mismanaged.

The War Department sent our men to the front equipped with the most improved and latest instruments for annihilating a foe, and now our own men are in danger of being as relentlessly slain. The Mauser or the Krag-Jörgensen rifle is not nearly so deadly as yellow fever. The dynamite gun is not more terrific in its fatality than exposure, insufficient and improper clothing, and lack of necessities for the wounded. The "round-robin" sent to Washington by Colonel Roosevelt and the general officers in Shafter's Army has disclosed a truly appalling state of affairs. "The men are dying like sheep." "Not ten per cent. fit for duty."

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This was a war of humanity; why make it a war of grossest inhumanity? Can it be possible that any man is so blinded by his own petty political aims as to see the flower of the American Army perishing—not from the bullets of the enemy, not on the field of battle, but in the hospitals, victims of fever, bereft of the bare hospital necessities? Surely the great American public will not stand this. Some one must answer; some one must be held accountable for the brave fellows who lie the victims of fever due to insufficient provision.

Some one has blundered, and blundered grossly and inexcusably. The war will show that proportionately a fewer number of men were wounded than in any great war in history. It will likewise show that more men died through carelessness and criminal mismanagement than in any war in history. The soldiers who planted the flag in Cuba, who fearlessly faced Spanish bullets, are threatened with death while a politician seeking only personal ends prated of sending more men to Porto Rico. The ships which were to carry these picnickers found better employment in bringing our men from Cuba.

The closing of this war is one shameful record of gross incompetency; of political favoritism, of criminal disregard of the needs and well-being of our men at the front. For them the war has meant facing the terrors of a fever-stricken land without sufficient food, without tents, without medicines and hospital supplies. When sick or wounded they were carried aboard foul transports, or lay in trenches exposed to the beating rays of a tropic sun by day or the chilling dampness of a fever-laden night—the weaker ones to die ingloriously, the strong and hearty ones to slowly succumb. For all this one man is responsible, and this one man is not President McKinley.

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Lipton Has Come

WHEN Sir Thomas Lipton is about to invade a new quarter of London and establish another of his countless retail shops, one learns from walls and windows and bill-boards that "Lipton Has Come!" Long lines of men, tucked in between boards that announce the same glad tidings, parade the streets. For Lipton is the Barnum of British merchants.

Well is his slogan chosen. From a little butcher-shop to a front place among the great merchants of the world, from the white apron of the chopping-block to the insignia of knighthood, is a far cry; but Lipton has come the distance in thirty years. Perhaps that is why English editors are showing a disposition to carp and cavil at him for challenging us to defend the America's cup. For English society, with that curious logic which has ever distinguished it, admits the newly rich American quickly enough, but bars the way to the newly gilded Briton who tries to venture into its sacred inclosure. And across the Atlantic, yacht-racing is regarded as peculiarly the prerogative of the gentleman sportsman.

But while we shall have to call a halt on Lipton's honorable ambition to carry off our valued bit of family plate, the mass of the American people will welcome him as an opponent. For, to tell the truth, there have been occasions in the past when we have had too much of the British gentleman sportsmen. And though we are very busy remembering other things just now, we have not altogether forgotten Lord Dunraven.

Lipton is a broad-gauge, straight-forward business man, whose notions of honor and fair play are innate, not acquired. With him for an opponent we should have a clean, fair, hard contest, without petty bickerings or unseemly strife. By all means, let Sir Thomas take the cup—if he can.

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Living Up to Our Possibilities

OVER-CONFIDENCE in life has wrecked many, but it has not wrought the havoc in individuals that has come from weak, faltering action through lack of faith in ourself. Over-confidence is active, alive, alert, constantly testing itself, constantly learning more of itself through failures. Lack of confidence falls back weak and despairing, knowing nothing of its powers, shutting from itself the wondrous revelation of itself. Man must feel in every fibre of his being, feel with the heat and glow of conviction, that the life he does live is not the necessary sign or limit of the life he may live.

There are, to-day, in Pennsylvania, poor, cheap, thriftless, unproducing farms owned by men who till them year after year in the thought that their living death represents the maximum of the possibility of that land. But under its surface may lie rich veins of coal, great gushing wells of oil, fortunes that wait but the revealing, that wait but the brave or fortunate hand that shows them to the world. Over-confidence should not be encouraged, but it needs only tuning, directing, and controlling to be a vital element in the development of the individual.

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The courage of the individual is often not strong enough to live in the presence of the overwhelming amount of human knowledge. In the tide of new books, new papers, new lectures, new schools, new possibilities; in the rush of the life of to-day, the individual is lost. With his thousands of opportunities, he may accept none; because there are a hundred magazines to read, he reads none. The infinity of choice has developed in him indecision, paralyzes energy and stupefies action. But all this wealth of mental food can never be his; no million men could digest it all if the million acted as one man. What folly, then, for the individual to feel it is necessary for him to attempt all. The most elaborate menu in the world is simply to place any enlarged range of choice in food before the individual, but not that he need take all. So it is in the mental and spiritual life, and we should strengthen our self-confidence by accepting that which best develops us as individuals, and aids us in living better for society and the world.

TOLD AFTER SUPPER

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A Bloodless Duel.—One of the stories that the late James Payne liked to tell was about what he called an American duel, wherein two duelists, with one second, met within doors and drew lots to decide which should shoot himself. A was the unlucky man, and without a word he retired into the next apartment to carry out the purpose of self-destruction. B and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard, and they were shuddering with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming: "Missed, by heaven!"

A Quick Game.—An actor, returning home rather early in the morning, came to an organ-grinder. A piece of green baize was stretched over the top of the organ, while a monkey gathered in any receipts. The actor saw the green cloth, stopped and put down a silver dollar, which was immediately grabbed by the monkey. The actor stared with astonishment, rubbed his eyes and walked away, muttering: "Well! that's quickest game I ever ran up against in all my life."

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Curing Writers' Cramp.—Mark Twain was at an evening party when a gushing young authoress was introduced to him. "Oh, Mr. Clemens," she exclaimed, "I am so afraid of this dreadful authors' cramp. All my friends tell me I will have it if I write a novel. Do tell me about it. Did you ever have it?" "Once," was the smiling reply. "Oh, how awful! And what did you take for it?" "Beefsteak." "Beefsteak? Why, I thought that was only for diphtheria, bound on the throat raw——" "Madam," said he grimly, "for my form of authors' cramp it was taken inside the throat cooked. I can't answer for its being a panacea, but for my form it was all right."

The Observant Swede.—A Swede came into a lawyer's office one day, says the Cincinnati Inquirer, and asked: "Is hare ben a lawyer's place?" "Yes; I'm a lawyer." "Well, Maister Lawyer, I tank I shall have a paper made." "What kind of paper do you want?" "Well, I tank I shall have a mortgage. You see, I buy me a piece of land from Nels Petersen, and I want a mortgage on it." "Oh, no. You don't want a mortgage; what you want is a deed." "No, maister; I tank I want mortgage. You see, I buy me two pieces of land before, and I got deed for dem, and 'nother faller come along with mortgage and take the land; so I tank I better get mortgage this time."

The New Woman to the Front.—Women are now admitted to lectures at Edinburgh University, where they sit on the front seats. Recently eight women were attending Professor Tait's lecture on the geometric forms of crystals. "An octahedron, gentlemen," said the professor, "is a body with eight plane faces. For example——" "Look at the front bench," broke in a man from the safe ground of the back seats.

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Spoiled His Case.—I remember hearing of a law court case where a man had entered an action against a railway company for an injury to his arm in an accident.

Said the opposing lawyer:

"I understand you have lost the use of your arm entirely through this accident?"

"Yes," said the plaintiff.

Lawyer: "How high can you lift your arm now?"

Plaintiff with great difficulty moves it about an inch.

Lawyer: "How far could you lift it before the accident?"

Plaintiff: "Right up there!"—at the same time shooting it right up over his head.

A Sample of Spanish "Honor."—I see that the Spaniards are vaunting their honor and chivalry and calling Americans swine. Let me tell you something about Spanish honor. Premier Sagasta recently gave a reception to the British Minister. During the evening the Minister discovered that his watch had been stolen, and he came to the reluctant conclusion that one of the grandes present was the thief. He told Sagasta of his loss. Sagasta asked for silence and explained the situation. He said that in order to save the culprit's honor the lights would be put out and the whole company would pass by the premier's desk in the dark, and the culprit would redeem himself by placing the watch on the table. In darkness the company passed by the table. When the lights were turned on again, not only was the watch not there, but a valuable silver inkstand belonging to Sagasta was missing from its place on the table.

MARIE CORELLI AT HOME

By ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE

MISS CORELLI'S birthday is on the first of May, and no interviewer could have been given a more auspicious time for his visit. Springtime, and his fair hostess—whom he had heard described as a "termagant," and I know not what else—sweetness itself. Moreover, to be prosaic, I had so arranged my arrival that I was in good time for afternoon tea—and the Scotch express is rarely, if ever, unpunctual!—and if I were only a great descriptive writer, and had the happy knack which mainly pertains, I believe, to the lady journalist, of describing costumes and surroundings with inherent ease and good taste, I might be tempted to enlarge on "my first impression" of Miss Corelli.

As it is, I must be content with the remembrance, and the statement, that I felt a sense of relief—if I may boldly say so—that here was no disillusionment; quite the reverse; and though I had not paid much attention to the quaint "descriptions" of those whom I knew had not met her, I certainly wished I had the ability to describe the vivacity, the personal charm and sincerity, the real feminine grace of her every movement, all too rare a charm, I think, now-a-days. A more definite description than this may, perhaps, be gained inferentially throughout this article.

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It was in one of the Winter Garden lounges that, at my request, Miss Corelli permitted herself to be photographed one morning, in the brightest of weather, which prevailed during my stay at Woodhall Spa.

Her own rooms all face the beautiful woods, which she can enter at once by merely crossing the road. Beyond the woods, as Miss Corelli told me—and I was soon enabled to verify the fact for myself—"are miles and miles of heather-covered moorland, over which blow the invigorating airs, impregnated with iodine, which make Woodhall Spa such an admirable retreat for those whose nerves are racked by the worry and fret of town life, and who need 'bracing up' to renew the fight once more."

The Winter Garden is fully a thousand yards square, wherein tall palms and flowering camellias flourish, and even grapes grow; and here the novelist is very fond of strolling about, and may be seen sometimes with a very charming little girl clinging to her arm, "Ida," the small, pretty daughter of the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Mr. Came, who built the place, and who is well known for his taste and cleverness as an architect, being formerly the favorite pupil of the late Sir Digby Wyatt.

In the Winter Garden a band plays during the table d'hôte dinner, and on two days of the week there is a dance for the residents and for all the visitors who care to join in.

I was interested to find Miss Corelli very enthusiastic also concerning the "Horncastle Amateur Orchestra Band," more especially as the keenness of her critical musical instinct is well known, largely due to the fact that she was educated for the musical profession, and had intended going to Leipsic to complete her education in music when the writing of The Romance of Two Worlds proved the turning-point of her career.

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"I wish," she remarked to me, "that they could get such good players in some of our London theatres. These Horncastle men all love music, and play for the love of it; and it is quite absurd to think that the Germans are the only people who can be taught to play and sing in parts. The English are quite as musical—they only want some one to 'lead,' and a little encouragement. They play here in perfect time and tune, with verve and fire and feeling, and are a standing proof of denial against that oft-repeated parrot-cry, 'The un-musical English!'

"One reason that I am so fond of Woodhall is that it is as yet an unspoiled place—fresh and sweet and restful; and then I have such a charming abode at the Royal. It is the only hotel I have ever been able to work in, with the one exception of King's, at Brighton. That is almost as good as this."

Tea ended, and I disappeared from the Villa Daheim to dress for dinner; but as I kept no diary (and if I had, it would have recorded nothing which is not well remembered), I need only say that it can be understood that in subsequent conversations many points came up for discussion, in no precise order, perhaps, for it would be an unhappy chat which could go along on preconceived lines; but whether or no Miss Corelli ever cares to have the presence of an interviewer inflicted upon her again, I ought to explain that the following inquiries were somewhat rather more colloquially rendered, and occurred at intervals on different occasions.

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"My favorite amusement? Music, I think. It is the most impersonal of recreations. But for me it must be music in the open air, on the water, or in a quiet room. I do not like concerts, nor large musical assemblies of any kind. The unexpected music is music's greatest charm. I cannot bear to sit with a row of people in stalls, as if we were all sheep in pens, while we are waiting for the appearance of some gentleman in a white tie and tail-coat, who assures us that he is a 'Friar of Orders Gray'; or a lady in a low evening dress, who works her whole body and her whole song steadily toward the top note, and rests upon it with a thrilling scream. I do not call this sort of thing music at all. I dislike the trouble of concert-going as much as I dislike the bother and invariable disappointment of theatre-going."

"Then you find theatre-going disappointing?"

"Most assuredly. It is not as if we had any great actors worth seeing. They are all mediocre. Irving is an artistic student of things dramatic and poetic, but he is not a great historian. Ellen Terry is nothing but a very 'graceful comedienne.' Forbes Robertson is, I suppose, our greatest rising actor, and I admire his voice and perfect elocution. But he never rouses me to the least emotion or enthusiasm.

"Do you really think," Miss Marie Corelli continued, "that there is any one on the stage worth going out to see on a cold night, for instance, when your own room, with its blazing fire and cozy chairs, invites you to remain and read books full of beautiful thoughts and classic wisdom? I would rather stay at home with Camille Flammarion's latest volumes, or Clifford Harrison's admirable Notes on the Margin essays, than see the most famous mime that ever pretended to be what he is not, aided by grease-paint and footlight-glare."

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"So, then, I take it that you don't believe in acting as an art?"

"Do you call it an art? Well, I suppose it is, but you must own that it is on the lowest rung of the ladder. Even monkeys mimic men, and that is just all that actors do. The more they mimic, the cleverer the monkeys are. I like the real, true men; the imitations are irritating!"

"And among modern writers, who are your favorite authors?"

"I have no particular favorites; I find something good or charming in all of them. Of course, none of us can attain to the magic utterance of grand old Sir Walter Scott and my beloved Charles Dickens, whose books never fail to cheer me in all my 'dark hours'; but I do not, like the professional critic, hunt for faults in my contemporaries—I prefer to find good qualities. I like Rudyard Kipling's short stories, but I don't think the name of poet can justly apply to him—not yet, at any rate, and not as long as he writes what he must know, in his own mind, is mere jingle-verse.

"The joy of the working," Miss Corelli added, "yes, that is the only true joy in the profession of literature!"

"Your fight with the critics has passed into a proverb," I remarked to Miss Corelli, one day; "how did it begin?"

"They began it," replied Miss Corelli, with a smile. "They threw the first stone—had they not done so I should not have required to defend myself. When I first started on my career, with the still popular Romance of Two Worlds, I had an unbounded faith in the generosity and conscientiousness of literary people who had already made their mark, and who could therefore afford to help others up the hill. That faith was quickly destroyed.

"Without even troubling themselves to read what I had written, they 'went' for me, as the phrase goes, and, resenting the deliberate injustice of the attack, I 'went' for them in return. I know it is considered much more 'womanly' to sit down lamb-like and take all the kicks and blows with the meekness of a patient Grizel. And in certain parts of the world you may still see carts drawn by a woman and an ox yoked together, while the man-driver sits aloft and curls his whip round with a stinging blow on woman and ox equally. This is just the sort of attitude some men always assume toward women in art. I do not speak merely for myself alone—I speak for all my sex.

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"According to certain preconceived masculine notions of 'pure womanliness'—one ought to be quite glad and thankful to be kicked and whipped by the 'nobler' sex. But then, you see, I do not feel that way, and I do not admire the lethargic character of 'patient Grizel.' And so, being attacked, I defended myself. And it seems I won. At any rate, the enemies I have now are of so slight and trumpery a character, and have so little power to injure me, that it is not worth while drawing sword against them. But, I repeat, had they not begun the contest, it would never have taken place at all. As it is, I am glad of the fight—it has done me good; and it has also enlightened the public as to the manner of the critics' methods. The public is always the umpire, you know, and it has so far decided in my favor."

It will be remembered as of comparatively recent date that the Author vs. Reviewer question, to which Miss Corelli alluded, was brought to a head by the following notice which was printed on every copy published of The Sorrows of Satan:

> "SPECIAL NOTICE.—No copies of this book are sent out for review. Members of the press will therefore obtain it (should they wish to do so) in the usual way with the rest of the public—*i. e.*, through the booksellers and libraries."

The recollection of this notice, and the way in which this proceeding put to the test, and, to my mind, largely displayed the artificiality, of the "advertisement" which "reviews" are supposed to give to a book, and the characteristic courage of the proceeding, came back to me very forcibly as I strolled through the woods with the charming novelist one bright, sunshiny morning; and as that particular book has been a greater success than perhaps any other book of our time, I thought of the mighty reviewers whose dignity had been considerably hurt by this action, and contrasted the imaginary picture which was drawn of a woman who could safeguard herself in this way and the actual woman before me, slight in figure, so prettily dressed, and the pretty dress so gracefully worn; the soft, golden-brown hair clustering over the forehead of the fair woman who is dainty and pretty without loss of dignity and womanly strength—the contrast was so piquant that I could not repress, and had no occasion to repress, a smile, as I made some inquiries upon this point, and she replied:

"Oh, yes, that's all over now. My books will never be sent out for review again," she added cheerfully, and without the slightest tinge of bitterness in her tone.

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"You see, by not sending the book out for review, I simplified matters very much. The critics gave sufficient evidence of the fact that they had not read my previous book, Barabbas, and so for the future I save them any further trouble and my publishers a good deal of expense."

"Which books do your public like most?"

"Barabbas, which was supposed to be reviewed, and The Sorrows of Satan, which was not sent out for review, have been the most popular. Over a hundred thousand copies have been sold of each—there is but a very slight difference in the sale of the two books, and, of course, they are still selling."

"Are you personally acquainted with any of your contemporaries in literature?"

"No. I have had letters on matters of business from Sir Walter Besant and others, but I have never met any of them. Lord Tennyson was the only great man who ever encouraged me in my work, and this he did by a personal letter of praise shortly before he died. I suppose, however, that I may call Mr. Clifford Harrison a 'contemporary in literature,' for he is a most charming writer, although his literary work is, as yet, not sufficiently known to the public. He is certainly one of my kindest friends.

"Mr. Stead is answerable for the rumor that I depicted myself as Mavis Clare, in The Sorrows of Satan, a mistake which he afterward withdrew, with an apology 'for that and every other injustice' he had done me. Mr. David Christie Murray has, more recently, taken up Mr. Stead's error, and, I hear, has 'gone' for me in one of his papers, or series of articles, or something, entitled My Contemporaries in Fiction. Oddly enough, I never knew he was a 'contemporary' at all until he thus announced it. I have never read anything he has written, so I cannot presume to judge him; but I would certainly never state that I considered he had depicted himself as the hero of one of his own stories unless I knew him personally and intimately, and had some right to comprehend his characteristics."

It was the sight of the huge "post" which was brought into the drawing-room one afternoon for Miss Marie Corelli, together with the fact, which I was permitted to discover, that a considerable part of her correspondence is from entire strangers, which prompted my question: "A great many people write to you about your books, do they not?"

"Don't speak of it! You have no idea what a mass of strange letters reaches me from all parts of the world; it is quite a business to get them answered; in fact, some are never answered at all. The desperate love-letters from amorous swains—entirely unknown to me—go into the fire at once."

One such epistle at least had come by that post, and I glanced through it before it met its well-merited oblivion. I found it was from an officer on one of the big liners, and after the startling adjuration, "My Darling Sweet Marie," it began with a reproach for his first letter having met with no answer, and was couched in a magnificently emotional strain throughout the entire letter!

"Then there are the people who tell me the whole history of their lives in several sheets of closely written and crossed letter-paper, and they ask my advice as to how to go on—these are very difficult to deal with. Then come the would-be translators of my books, the would-be dramatists, and the autograph-hunters. Their name is legion; nothing daunts them. They leave their books at my door—when I'm in town—with the statement that they will 'call again' in the coolest manner, and they do their utmost to make me devote the rest of my life to the monotonous business of signing my name!

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"Then there are the anonymous letter-writers—a large class by themselves, and whose efforts are generally limited to abusing either myself or my friends. Some of these assure me that they are sorry for me, that I am going straight to perdition, and that if I will only read a tract entitled Stop on the Way, or words to that effect, I may yet manage to reach Heaven, as it were, by the skin of my teeth. 'Let me implore you,' says one feeling correspondent, 'to reconsider your position in the spirit of I Timothy'!

"Then I get anonymous communications abusing my respective publishers, and I can never take a holiday without receiving something in the way of an epistolary condemnation for daring to rest and amuse myself. When I took Killiecrankie Cottage for a summer season in Scotland, I used to get letters from complete strangers, asking me—in fact, almost commanding me—to send them grouse and salmon by the next train! And quite recently, I have had a letter all the way from Cape Colony, calmly demanding a violin. Here it is," and Miss Corelli showed me the following ingenuous appeal. Of course, I omit the name and address:

> "*Dear Miss Corelli:* Please send me one of your violins. I want one so much, and my mother cannot afford to buy one. I saw in a book a picture of one of your rooms, and in it I saw a beautiful violin and harp, so I thought I would ask you for one. Please don't be cross."

"But, of course," Miss Corelli continued, "there is the other side of the question; the beautiful, helpful, gracious letters I receive from people who are good enough to say they have derived comfort from what I write. From hard-working miners in Texas, from Army and Navy men, from hospital nurses, from little children even (who sympathize with Lionel and Jessamine in The Mighty Atom), come all sorts of loving and kindly greetings for which I am deeply grateful.

"Perhaps the most interesting part of my correspondence," Miss Corelli exclaimed, "comes from India. Numbers of the native Indian Princes and Rajahs frequently communicate with me, and appear to be much affected by, and interested in, Barabbas, which has been translated into Hindustani.

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"Nothing amuses me more than to find some angry, non-successful man abusing me in the press, and telling the public that I only appeal, in my books, 'to readers in Camberwell and Brixton'! Of course, Camberwell and Brixton must be included in the London radius; and I believe the Prince of Wales, who has always been most kindly in his appreciation of my books, has property there! But I venture to think I may count thousands of friends in America, Australia, and, indeed, wherever the English language is spoken; and the Continental peoples pay me the compliment of constantly translating all my novels into their different languages. The Mighty Atom, translated into Russian, has just been published under the auspices of the Holy Synod in Russia. I count among my 'Royal' readers Queen Margherita of Italy, the Empress of Austria, and Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, and I think these are intelligent women!"

Finally, I asked Miss Corelli to tell me about her future work.

"Nothing will be published this year," Miss Corelli told me, "not even an article. If all goes well, my next book will be published in the spring of next year. I began it

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The above article, Marie Corelli at Home, was taken from the Strand Magazine.

just before my illness, and so far only seven chapters are written. Curiously enough, the last words I dictated to my secretary, before my illness, and which came at the end of the seventh chapter, ran: 'You will soon be well.' It was an unconscious prophecy. No, I won't tell you the title of the new book; even the publishers never know that until the typed MS. is in their hands, and all I can tell you about it is that it will be about the length of Barabbas and The Sorrows of Satan, and I am afraid it will excite the clergy of all denominations a good deal.

"I have written a dramatic version of Barabbas, but I understand that the Lord Chamberlain takes exception to it on the score that it touches too closely on the Passion. But I need not tell you that the interest, so far as the characters are concerned, is purely secular, and the heroine, Judith, the sister of Judas Iscariot, is an imaginary character."

Miss Corelli told me that where the references made in it are not secular, they are wholly Scriptural, and any one knowing her work will not need to be told that there is nothing in the play to hurt the most susceptible taste, so that I imagine that if any objection is entertained in censorial quarters it will be quickly withdrawn.

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The play, fully written in this case by the authoress of the book, would draw all London and the Provinces, and it is greatly to be hoped that no objection will be upheld against such a play, accentuated as such an opinion would be by the fact that, as against so noble a conception, so many plays of questionable taste are permitted to pass.

It should be mentioned that Miss Corelli does all her work in the morning between ten and two. Pencil notes are made, to a large extent, out-of-doors, and in the course of one walk Miss Corelli showed me a rustic seat in a sunny corner of the pine woods which she regards as her out-of-door "sanctum," and the manuscript of the books used to be written carefully by the authoress for the printer, but latterly she has dictated the final draft to her secretary, who, after a copy has been submitted and corrected, proceeds to typewrite the three copies required, one being retained by the novelist herself, and the other two finding their way into the hands of the English and American publishers.

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Soon after my visit to Woodhall the news came of Mr. Gladstone's death, and when discussing the personality of the great statesman with her at a subsequent visit I was exceedingly interested to find that on two occasions, Mr. Gladstone called personally, and without previous notice, on Miss Marie Corelli, much to her surprise; and while entertaining the veteran statesman at afternoon tea, during which he conversed with her on the subject of her work, she ventured to ask him why he had honored her with a visit. The reply of the Grand Old Man was repeated to me by Miss Vyver, who was present on that occasion. "Because," said he, "I was curious to see for myself the personality of a young woman who could write so courageously and well, and in whose work I recognize a power working for good, and eminently calculated to sway the thoughts of the people. It is a wonderful gift you have—and I do not think you will abuse it. There is a magnetism in your pen which will influence many. Take care always to do your best, and never work in a hurry! As a woman, you are pretty and good; as a writer, be brave and true."

"Mr. G." was all life and animation during his visit, which lasted nearly three hours. The conversation touched on a very wide range of subjects, on all of which he displayed a wonderfully intimate knowledge, and everything he said evidently proved of the profoundest interest to Miss Marie Corelli, the value of his opinions being heightened by the characteristic earnestness with which his opinions were uttered. This was between three and four years ago, and his last words to the novelist were: "God bless you, my dear child. Be brave. You've got a great future before you. Don't lose heart on the way. Keep up your courage. Good-by."

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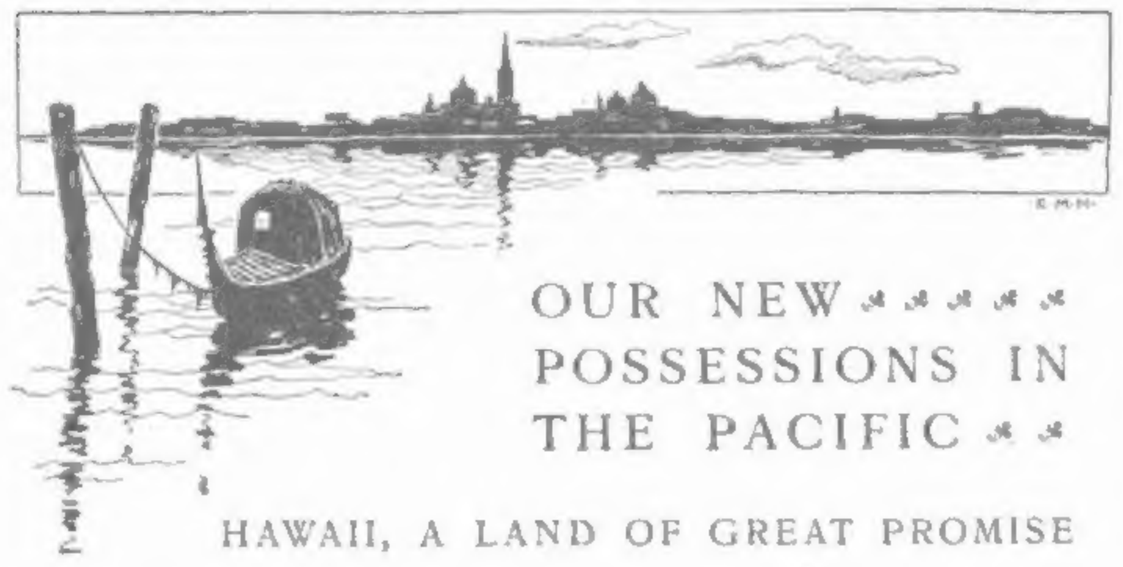
It may be added that Mr. Gladstone had fully purposed writing a review of Miss Corelli's work, Ardath, the Story of a Dead Self, which both he and Lord Tennyson considered a remarkable piece of mingled philosophy and imagination, but he was deterred by the bitter animosity of certain editors, who declined to publish anything favorable to Miss Corelli. The editorial doors were also shut on the Rev. Canon Wilberforce when he sought to write a criticism on Barabbas. After the Canon had been refused by the well-known reviews, he wrote to Miss Corelli: "If you had written Barabbas from the point of view of a skeptic; if, with your unexampled delicacy of touch, you had insinuated that the Divine Humanity was a physically developed epileptoid, your book would have gained triumphant applause—to day. As it is, wait till—to-morrow"!

Regarding the literary profession Miss Corelli says: "I have nothing to grumble about. I consider Literature the noblest art in the world, and have no complaint whatever to urge against it as a profession. Its rewards, whether great or small, are sufficient for me, inasmuch as I love my work, and love makes all things easy."



OUR NEW POSSESSIONS IN THE PACIFIC

HAWAII, A LAND OF GREAT PROMISE

HAWAII, the "Gibraltar of the Pacific," now belongs to Uncle Sam, and it behooves us to take stock of what we have got, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. One of the richest possessions that ever fell to any country has been secured without the expenditure of a drop of blood or a dollar of money. This tropical gem is far more valuable and quite as accessible as Alaska, which cost $7,000,000 of good money.

It stands as a distinct expression of the fact that hereafter this country will take its place among the great Powers of the world. The little green islands in the Pacific are now perpetually on picket duty for the whole Western shore of America. Sentiment there was so powerful in favor of annexation to the United States, from President Dole to the humblest native, that it was an easy matter to place the islands under our flag—not by conquest, but by gift. The present war, bringing with it an expansion of National power and area, especially after Dewey's victory in the Philippines, was the one thing that practically forced the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States.

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And the islands read the answer in the fates. It is exactly what they wanted—what they played for, what they officially proposed to the authorities at Washington after the successful overthrow of the monarchy in 1893. President Dole went to Washington with plenipotentiary power to secure just this result, but the time was not ripe. When the war began, the island Government seized the first opportunity to defy Spain and put itself under the protecting wing of Uncle Sam by boldly allowing his war-ships to coal at Honolulu.

The total area of the little group of twelve Hawaiian islands secured by annexation is a little more than 6000 square miles. They are situated in north latitude between eighteen and twenty-two degrees, and form the most northerly group of the Polynesian Archipelago. Taking them in name and area they are as follows: Hawaii, 4040 square miles, far the largest of the cluster; Maui, 600; Molokini, very small; Kahoolawe, 60; Lanai, 150; Molokai, 169; Oahu, 522; Kauai, 527; Niihau, 70, and Lehua, Kaula, and Bird Island, all very tiny.

To this country, with its millions of square miles of area, the actual territory of the islands is as a single bead on a wampum belt. It is the immense strategical importance of the bead that counts. Captain Mahan, the greatest living authority on naval affairs, says of Hawaii:

"It is one of the most important strategical points in the world. It stands alone, having no rival and admitting no rival."

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With Hawaii as a base of supplies, the Navy of the United States can control the North Pacific, and the whole Pacific coast commerce of this country is secure from attack. The distance across the Pacific Ocean is from 7000 to 9500 miles. In this ocean, from the Equator to Alaska and from the coast of China and Japan to the American continent, there is but one spot where a ton of coal, a pound of bread or a gallon of water can be obtained by a passing vessel, and that spot is Hawaii.

In the Atlantic Ocean there are scores of islands which can be used as bases of supply, and all the European nations possess one within steaming distance of our eastern coast. On the other hand, no nation, European or Asiatic, possesses a coaling station near enough to the Pacific coast to be practically available as a base of hostile naval operations against that coast or its commerce. Hawaii is absolutely "the key of the Pacific." An operating fleet must have a base of supply and repair. A modern battle-ship without coal is like a caged lion—magnificent, but harmless.

With Hawaii under its control, this country is now in a position to defy the most powerful squadron that could be massed in the Pacific ocean. No naval vessel in existence can carry coal enough across that vast expanse of water, from any of the existing or possible foreign naval stations, to operate against the United States, and return without coaling. Reaching the United States with coal-bunkers empty, no ship would be in condition for the return voyage, much less ready to fight. The distance from San Francisco to the nearest naval station of England is 4700 miles; France, 3600; Spain, 4700; Russia, 4700; Japan, 4500, and China, 5500. From San Francisco to Honolulu is a distance of 2500 miles. On the other hand, if Hawaii had been forced to turn to any foreign country for protection it would have furnished a perpetual and formidable menace to the peace and commerce of this and other countries.

In their resources of vegetation, soil and climate our new possessions are all that could be asked. The Hawaiian tongue has no name for "weather." There it is always spring. Although on the edge of the tropics, their position in mid-ocean and exposure to trade winds give these islands perpetual summer without enervating heat. The mean temperature of Honolulu is seventy-five degrees, and during twelve years the extremes of temperature have been from fifty-three to ninety degrees. A case of frostbite or of sunstroke is never known. There are numerous sugar and coffee plantations, but thousands of uncultivated acres are awaiting Western enterprise. All unoccupied lands are held by the Government. They may be obtained in two ways—the cash freehold system or the right-of-purchase lease. Under the first, the land is sold at auction, the purchaser paying one-fourth cash and the remainder in equal installments, with interest at six per cent. He must remain on the island two years. Right-of-purchase leases are drawn for twenty-five years at eight per cent. on the appraised value. These regulations, it is said, will still obtain in their main points.

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Commercially, Hawaii is of great importance to this country. Her imports from the United States in 1896 amounted to nearly $8,000,000; exports, $16,000,000. This was seventy-six per cent. of the whole trade of the islands. With a population of only 109,000, Hawaii had in 1896 a foreign trade of $208 per capita for every man, woman and child in the country—a record almost unparalleled in the history of the world. It is said that Hawaii can as easily support a population of a million as one of one hundred thousand.

Nothing better than grazing fields can be made of the uplands; the mountains are covered with impenetrably dense forests, and whatever cultivation is done must be confined to the area of alluvial valleys. But these are rich, producing sugar, rice, coffee, wool, hides, tallow, and salt. Sugar is the main commodity. The amount sent to San Francisco increased from 280,000 pounds in 1853 to over 40,000,000 pounds in 1890, chiefly due to the reciprocity treaty we made with the islands in order to divert their trade from Australia.

Of the exports in 1896, $7,975,590 were accredited to sugar. After sugar, the staples are rice and coffee. The latter offers especial inducements to the small farmer. It is estimated that at the end of the fourth year the return from a seventy-five-acre coffee plantation will much more than pay running expenses, and after that a profit of $8000 to $10,000 a year. Tropical fruits can be cultivated to advantage. At present the banana trade of the islands amounts to $100,000 a year. Limes and oranges are raised to perfection. In the uplands vegetables of all kinds are grown. The flora of the Hawaiian Islands is of the richest tropical variety.

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The islands are all high and mountainous, rising sheer from the sea to an extreme height of 14,000 feet. The whole country is volcanic in its origin, there being hundreds of extinct and two active volcanoes. There are found the biggest and fiercest craters on the globe, like Mauna Loa, Mauna Kea, and Mauna Hualalai, in the island of Hawaii, and Mauna Haleakala, on the island of Maui, which boasts an extinct summit crater twenty-seven miles in circumference. These tip the beam for craters. They have transacted a great deal of lively business in their day, indulging in eight eruptions since 1832. That of 1859 ran fifty miles to the sea in eight days, and scored the remarkable record of 58,000,000 cubic feet of lava.

To one on the island the scenery is grand, beautiful, and enticing. Along the coast some portions of the islands slope gently down to the sea in beautiful, green undulations, meeting a protecting coral reef. In others the coast line is a bald precipice.

"Of the island of Hawaii," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "though I have passed days becalmed under its lee, and spent a week upon its shores, I have never yet beheld the profile. And yet, even beholding so little, the rude Plutonic structure of the isle is conspicuous. Here is none of the accustomed glitter of the beach. All is black and barren, and slopes sheer to the sea. Unexpected movements of the island catch the attention; folds that glitter with a certain vitreosity; black mouths of caves; ranges of low cliffs, vigorously designed a while in sun and shadow, and sinking again into the general declivity of the island glacis. Under its gigantic cowl of cloud the coast frowns upon us with a face of desolation. The surf of the Pacific appears formidable to the stranger as he lands, and daily delights him with its beauty as he walks the shore. Streams of lava have followed and submerged each other down the slopes and overflowed into the sea. This lava is tunneled with corridors and halls. Under houses high on the mountain the sea can be heard throbbing in the bowels of the land."

Honolulu, the centre of life and trade in the group of islands, is on Oahu. It has one of the largest and finest harbors in the world, protected by a coral reef, and with a depth of twenty-one feet on the bar at low tide. It lies on a level strip of land along the sea, a mile or two wide and five miles long, extending back for several miles into five valleys.

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These cut deep into very thickly wooded, cloud-capped mountains, rising 4000 feet at a distance of six miles from the sea. Honolulu is a beautiful, modern city of 30,000 inhabitants. The streets are macadamized, and there are miles and miles of handsome drives about the city, thickly shaded by Southern foliage. The business blocks are of brick and stone, and the residences are mostly of wood. Honolulu is connected by telephone with all parts of the island. Steamships from every country on the globe may be seen in its harbor.

The native Hawaiians in the islands number 33,000. They are Polynesians, a brown race, peaceful and generous. The remaining population consists of Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, and Americans and Europeans. The affairs of the island and its main industries are in the hands of Americans, English, and Germans, who number 14,000.

The financial status of Hawaii is strong. In 1897 the receipts and expenditures of the Government amounted to $1,997,818. There is a public debt of $4,000,000, contracted in making public improvements. The scale of wages in Hawaii runs thus: Engineers on plantations, $125 to $175 a month; blacksmiths and carpenters, $75 to $100; bookkeepers, $100 to $175; field laborers, $15 to $18; cooks, $3 to $6 a week. Living is a little higher than the average here.

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Three Popular Authors of To-day

Sienkiewicz as a Sportsman.—Those who know Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of Quo Vadis, say that he would rather go shooting or tramping over the mountains, any day, than write. He writes his serials from week to week, and sometimes, in the middle of one, when the most exciting situation is reached, he takes his gun and disappears. His publishers tear their hair, but his readers have to restrain their curiosity till he returns, when he takes up the thread of his narrative and carries it on to the end, unless another fit of restlessness seizes him.

Tolstoi's Vanity.—Professor Lombroso, the great Italian "physicocriminologist," while visiting Russia recently met Tolstoi, and this is what he says of that eminent writer: "As I entered the room, I saw him sitting at his writing-table in old patched clothes. I am an admirer of Tolstoi, but I believe he is ill. I received the impression that he is very vain. You have only to look at the shoes he has on his feet. The leather was everywhere torn and in holes, all done artificially in order that he might have an opportunity of mending them in his skillful way."

Ibsen's Quiet Rebuke.—No man ever was so loath as Ibsen to say anything regarding what he had himself written, William H. Schofield tells us in the Atlantic. It is thus he shields himself from curious travelers and interviewers who plague him beyond endurance. Even at court balls, which he sometimes attends, however, he is not rid of the importunate, and on one occasion a German lady received one of those quiet rebukes to impertinence which have given him a well-merited reputation for reticent reserve. Hardly had she been presented to him before she broke out into expressions of enthusiastic admiration, and finally wound up with the question which Ibsen has heard so often that he is now tired of it: "Do you mind telling me, Doctor Ibsen, what you meant by Peer Gynt?"

A dead silence reigned for a moment in the little group surrounding the old man, and I expected him to change the subject without answering the query. But no; he finally raised his head, threw back his shock of white hair, adjusted his glasses, looked quizzically into the woman's eyes, and then slowly drawled out:

"Oh, my dear madam, when I wrote Peer Gynt only our Lord and I knew what I meant; and as for me, I have entirely forgotten everything about it."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

Reconciling Spain to the Inevitable

Within a week from its reception of [illegible] conditions of peace, the Spanish Cabinet practically accepted them. During this period Premier Sagasta did a large amount of educational work. From the time of the destruction of the Maine, the Spanish Government had pursued a policy of suppression and misrepresentation. This course made it necessary, when peace terms were received, to have the exact condition of affairs disclosed, not only to all the members of the Cabinet, but more particularly to the leaders of the various political parties in the Kingdom. Before submitting the terms the Cabinet council for final action the Premier held conferences with all the recognized political leaders excepting [illegible] Weyler and Señor Barrios, the representative of Don Carlos.

The revelation of the situation and the actual American demands is said to have caused a "ferment" in Madrid. It was conceded that Cuba must be given up. The disloyalty of the Porto Ricans, as shown in their hearty welcome to the American Army, partially reconciled the Government to what it considered an incomprehensible demand for Porto Rico also. Most astounding of all were the clear demands for possession—and temporary occupation—of the city, harbor, and Bay of Manila and the Bay of Subig. Sagasta's conferences made the Cabinet's action that of nearly all of political Spain.

The America Cup Again Challenged

The prospect for another contest for what is now known as the America cup has gladdened the hearts of yachtsmen the world over. This cup is considered the greatest of all yachting trophies, and its possession represents the yachting championship of the world. It was originally named the Queen's Cup, and was first offered for competition to the yachts of all nations by the Royal Yacht Squadron of Great Britain, in 1851. In the first contest it was won by the American schooner yacht, America, owned by a syndicate. The winners deeded it to the New York Yacht Club in 1857, and the club has held it ever since. The several contests for it were in 1851, 1870, 1871, 1876, 1881, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1893, and 1895. Sir Thomas Lipton, the present challenger, will build a new yacht for this contest, and its American competitor will also be a new one.

A Successful Home University

How extended and useful has been the work of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle in the twenty years of its existence, is indicated by a present membership of more than 250,000 and a graduate [illegible] 50,000. It has certainly carried out admirably its purpose to provide a systematic course of reading in history, general literature, science and art. In its four years' courses it virtually affords a collegiate education on its special lines for those who cannot spare the time or money for a regular institutional course, and an invaluable post-graduate review for those who have fallen behind since leaving college. The circle is a popular home university, teaching in easy stages and by pleasing methods that most important and widely neglected branch—reading for the largest results which may be attained.

Li Hung Chang's Triumph

The recent assumption of supreme power by the Empress Dowager of China brought about changes in the administration of the Government of great moment. The Emperor was practically divested of all authority, and that arrogant, obstructive body, the Tsung li Yamen, or Foreign Council, was placed beyond the possibility of working further injury to the Empire. The best thing that could have happened for the future of China was the forced retirement, from the head of the Council of Weng, he who demanded the execution of Li Hung Chang during the war with Japan.

With Weng's downfall Li Hung Chang again ascended into power, for he is a great favorite of the Empress Dowager. The change means greater liberty, greater progress, and greater international strength for China. They also indicate a further straining of the relations between Great Britain and Russia, from which China must suffer in the end. Li Hung Chang was for years an ardent admirer of Great Britain; now he is openly charged with exerting his powerful influence in behalf of Russian schemes. Excepting the English, foreigners generally and the native Progressive party see much good for the Empire in the turn of affairs.

Millions Invested in Homes

The annual reports of the United States League of Building Associations showed that while the banks of the country hold a capital and surplus of about $300,000,000, these associations had more than $600,000,000 of assets which include stocks and surplus. Of what is known as local associations there are in the United States 4872, with a membership of 1,642,179 and exact assets of $601,130,037. Pennsylvania, in which this popular form of mutual self help originated, has always been the banner State and now counts assets of nearly $172,000,000, with 300,000 members. Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, New York, New Jersey and Missouri follow in their order.

An Island Lost for Thirty-Three Years

When General Greene, on his way to the Pacific with reinforcements for General Merritt made a landing on Wake Island, he raised the Stars and Stripes on an island that had been lost for more than thirty years. This island, discovered in 1796 and chartered by Perouse in the following year, has frequently been reported, both as an island and as a reef under numerous names.

It is a low piece of ground, nearly level with an angry sea having an extreme circumference of about twenty miles, and containing but scanty vegetation. Commodore Wilkes, in 1841, found it to be a coral island, not more than eight feet high. The last recorded mention of it was in 1866, when a German bark, bound from San Francisco to Hongkong, having touched at Honolulu, was cast away there. There is nothing to indicate that the island has been inhabited at any time within the past sixty years.

Europe Paying Her American Debts

Gold payments by Europe to the United States have begun for the second time this year. The first influx was a kind of panic movement, when the destruction of the Maine was considered likely to lead to serious consequences. The present flow is a purely commercial movement. It will continue till the balance due the United States for the transactions of the last fiscal year, as well as that steadily increasing by reason of our current foreign commerce, has been paid. European countries are now largely indebted to the United States, and the gold coming over in such large quantities is being sent because the war tax on foreign bills of exchange makes it cheaper to ship the metal to pay for merchandise bought here, than to sell bankers' bills against commercial bills, which are discounted in London.

State Officers in Federal Service

It is unfortunate, and it seems unjust, that any man holding a commission in the National Guard of a State should have to sacrifice his local military position to enter the regular or volunteer service of the Federal Government. A quick response to the President's call to patriotic duty should be rewarded rather than punished, locally. In the majority of the States, officers of the militia who have accepted commissions in the Federal service are being borne on the State records as being absent from State service on furlough or on special leave, and will be restored to, or permitted to resume, their local commands at the termination of their Federal service. This rational and considerate treatment makes all the more conspicuous the other States that force an officer to vacate his local commission in order to discharge a duty to his country.

Brittleness of Iron-Clad Wills

The will of Samuel J. Tilden was considered by himself one of the most iron clad, non breakable documents ever drafted. Himself a lawyer of great profundity and large technical acumen, he took extreme pains to have his will so worded that his desires for the founding of a great public library in New York city could not by any possibility be wrecked while in probate.

It is doubtful if the draft of a will ever passed through as many expert hands before execution as his did. Yet it was defeated in probate because it was in violation of a State law which he and all his advisers had overlooked. The case is now recalled by the act of the Supreme Court in declaring invalid the provisions of the will for establishing public libraries at Yonkers and New Rochelle, New York. Thus, not one of his educational bequests can be carried out as he wished them to be.

Wedding the Great Oceans

It is now realized as absolutely essential to the broadening interests of the United States that the Nicaraguan canal should be speedily completed and fully acquired by our Government. This project has been a matter of controversy, discussion and incomplete legislation for many years. The commercial advantages of a short cut waterway between the two oceans has been apparent from the start. War has increased the value of the scheme vastly.

Subsequent acquisition of outlying territory, tedious of access by present routes, emphasized all former arguments and gave the project the status of a National necessity. It is now understood that, through the initiative of the President, Congress at its coming session will be asked to provide for the completion of the long deferred work and for its permanent control by our Government.

Plans for Our New Battle-Ships

Acting on the lessons of the great fight of July 3, our naval authorities have taken steps to make a complete change in the designs for the three new battle ships already authorized. While awaiting the meeting of Congress to secure the necessary amendment to the law, the different bureaus of the Navy Department will prepare plans for the construction of the battle ships which will make them larger, speedier and more costly than originally intended.

The law called for ships of about 11,000 tons displacement, a maximum speed of sixteen knots, and a maximum cost of $[illegible]. It is now deemed requisite that they should have a displacement of 13,000 tons, a minimum speed of eighteen knots, a main battery of twelve inch and eight inch guns instead of thirteen inch and six inch, as first designed, and a copper sheathing to prevent loss of speed from fouled bottoms.

Our Interest in China's Anglo-Russian Fight

The United States has an acute interest in the controversy between Great Britain and Russia concerning the construction of a railroad from New Chwang to Shan hai Kwan because a great proportion of the New Chwang trade is in American goods. The line in dispute would be a short one, bending around the northern arm of the Gulf of Pe chi li, but it would connect at New Chwang with the Manchurian branch of the great Trans Siberian railroad of Russia, and at Shan hai Kwan with a new road extending to Tientsin, which in turn is to be brought into railroad communication with the vast Yangtse Valley. Politically and commercially, therefore, the line in dispute is a matter of as great importance to Great Britain and Russia as it is to China. A concession was granted by China for the construction of this link line with English capital, and Russia declared against any English interest in the work. This last phase in the struggle of Great Britain and Russia for supremacy in the far East is accompanied by significant naval movements in both countries.

Overruling the Federal Constitution

The Supreme Court of the United States, through Mr. Justice McKenna, recently rendered a decision in the case of Williams versus the State of Mississippi which appears to have escaped general observation, although it was in direct contravention of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. The decision confirmed the Act of Mississippi in disfranchising the negro race, and also the principle that the characteristics of the weaker members of the race may be discriminated against.

Owing to the extreme importance of this decision, its summary is here given in full: "The equal protection of the laws is not denied to colored persons by a State Constitution and Laws which make no discrimination against the colored race in terms, but which grant a discretion to certain officers which can be used to the abridgment of the right of colored persons to vote and serve on juries, when it is not shown that their actual administration is evil, but only that evil is possible under them."

Trade Changes at American Ports

The extraordinary increase in the foreign trade of the United States during the fiscal year 1897-8 developed some curious facts about our leading ports. Comparing the figures of the imports and exports of that year with those of previous ones it is found that the Atlantic group of ports retained their normal proportion of exports but lost slightly in imports, that the Gulf ports did not maintain the general rate of increase in exports and lost much below the average in imports, that the Pacific ports gained over twenty five per cent. in exports and over sixteen per cent. in imports, under a general decrease in the latter, and that the Northern border ports made the largest percentage of gain in exports—over twenty seven—and had a decrease of over twenty-one in imports. Details by figures and commodities indicate that the large share of the grain trade heretofore held by North Atlantic ports is steadily passing to the South Atlantic and Gulf ports.

American Enterprise in China

There has just been completed in the city of Shanghai the first modern system of water works in the entire Empire of China. It was built by an engineer of the United States, and represents the best of American systems as far as local conditions permit. The event is important, in connection with the granting to Americans of large contracts for supplying rolling stock for the new Chinese railroads, as marking the inauguration of an era of American enterprise in the Flowery Kingdom in competition with English, German, Russian and French engineers, artisans and capital. Old as it is China is to-day on the threshold only of its material development. For the great work ahead the United States has already attained an advanced standing not only commercially, but financially and mechanically.

The Revival of American Shipbuilding

One of the strongest and most pleasing indications of the very near future is a vast revival of our long suffering shipbuilding industry. Indeed, the better days have already dawned. The great shipyards at Philadelphia and Chester, at Wilmington, Newport News, Bristol and San Francisco, in Maine and on the shores of the Great Lakes, have now more orders in hand than any time for many years. The bulk of [illegible] is for commercial craft, which is in great demand now, and likely to be in far greater demand now that peace is declared.

The infusion of American capital and enterprise into our new war torn possessions, and the steady enlargement of our commercial relations with other countries, are bound to necessitate a larger mercantile fleet than we have ever possessed. To-day England owns more than half of the mercantile tonnage of the world, to-morrow, the United States will hold second place.

Another Great Naval Voyage

The voyage of the Monterey from San Francisco to Manila Bay was in its way as remarkable a performance as that of the Oregon from San Francisco to the Florida coast. The Monterey is classed among the second rates, and by type is a barbette turret, low freeboard monitor, the only vessel of her kind in the Navy. She has a displacement of a little more than 4000 tons, is propelled by twin crews, and carries four guns in her main battery.

The marked peculiarity of the Monterey is her low freeboard. She sits so low in the water that her deck is frequently wholly submerged in a half to a three-quarter sea leaving only her upper works exposed. Built solely for a coast defense vessel, it was not expected that she would ever be called on to do extended sea service. When, therefore, she was ordered to join Admiral Dewey's squadron, fears for her safety were entertained by some high authorities, but, she proved fully equal to the emergency.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Capt. Charles E. Clark of the Famous Oregon The remarkable record made by the Oregon on her trip around Cape Horn is still a matter of wonder and of public comment. But she added new laurels when under Capt. Charles E. Clark she played so important a part in the destruction of Cervera's fleet. Captain Clark had plenty of service before the war with Spain was a midshipman during the battle of Mobile Bay, and participated in the bombardment of Fort Morgan.

Captain Clark distinguished himself while he was acting as ordnance officer at Mare Island. Through the carelessness of a man who was loading shells a terrific explosion took place, and for his brave conduct in that emergency Clark was complimented by the commandant. He also succeeded while at Mare Island, in removing the wrecked Palestine, which had for a long time menaced navigation. He blew it up with comparatively little trouble and at small expense, and was thanked by the Navy Department. He also was in command of the naval fleet which patrolled Bering Sea. It seems rather pathetic that he should be compelled through sickness to relinquish his command over the magnificent Oregon. The Captain's collapse is not necessarily permanent, and his splendid physique and usually vigorous health will tend to quicken his recovery.

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Herr Schalk, Who Succeeds Anton Seidl Herr Schalk who has been engaged to succeed Anton Seidl at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York next year, was only recently engaged as one of the assistant conductors at the Royal Opera in Berlin, says the New York Sun. Previous to that time he was in charge of the operatic performances at the Bohemian Theatre in Prague, where he was engaged by Angelo Neumann, who, curiously enough, was one of the first impresarios to have Mr. Seidl in his employ. Mr. Seidl was little known in New York, and, in spite of the regard in which he was held by Richard Wagner and German musicians, his reputation was really made in this country, and he never stood so high in Germany as he did when he returned to Bayreuth last summer and conducted there.

Similarly Herr Schalk has an opportunity such as few young conductors enjoy. He will have charge of a series of Wagner performances enlisting the services of more distinguished singers than were ever before gathered in any one company. So far as the artists are concerned no European city, including Bayreuth itself, has ever been able to offer such a list. If Herr Schalk does his part of the work as well as his associates the season should be brilliant. The selection of Herr Schalk came after every effort to secure one of the "baton prima donnas," as the well-known conductors are now called in Germany, had been exhausted.

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Roland H. Creech, Rhodes' Right Hand Man After Cecil Rhodes and "Oom Paul" Kruger, the most interesting character in South Africa is an American cowboy, by name Roland H. Creech. When Cecil Rhodes visits the province of Mozambique or Eastern Matabeland he stays, not with the wealthy English merchants or the Government officials but in the mess shanty of Roland Creech.

Mr. Rhodes finds for Creech is attributed to the latter's cheerfulness, his utter indifference to all comfort and his ability as a worker. Creech to-day is the man who holds the destinies of half a continent and cares as well as ever if he ever does less than the best of his fellows. Thus Creech seems to be the only man in a great part of the country who can get the blacks by the hand, or for whom they have any respect.

They seem to regard him with awe because of his marvelous fluency in language. In a few years this uneducated cowboy has picked up in the Zulu Matabele Sesuto, Bechuana, and other dialects that he can speak them fully as well as he does English.

They also like him because he is fair and generous. When a boy wishes to quit work and go back to his tribe for a few months, he generally departs with a present. When the boy returns he brings with him a dozen friends. In this way Creech keeps the force.

The personality and career of this man are unique. He dislikes civilization. He hates to wear a collar. Yet his clothes are of the most expensive importations. He prefers broad loin, and generally swims a river or wallows in the dusty veld the first day he puts on a new suit. After that it is discarded. It is a popular saying that one half of Creech's niggers wear some of his clothes.

He seems to have no conception of the value of money. His earrings are marvelous. The bank at Beira stands ready to cash his check for $200,000. As a rule he has no savings, but his credit is good.

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Mrs. Stanford's Consecration When Leland Stanford, junior, died, a great light went out in the magnificent home of the millionaire California Senator, and a heavy burden was placed on the shoulders of the parents. In his grief at the loss of his only son, the father found high ghostly consolation in planning, building and endowing the grand university that bears the name of his beloved son. He lived to see much of the fruition of his labor of love, and when he, too, passed away, his widow took up the burden where he had left it, and consecrated the remainder of her life to its consummation.

The settlement of Senator Stanford's immense estate involved costly and uncertain litigation, through all of which Mrs. Stanford's supreme anxiety was for the preservation of the memorial to her son in all its broad activities. She made large personal sacrifices to secure its great endowment and to augment its usefulness. Last year, lest with all her solicitude and exertion the university might become crippled in its work, she deeded to the trustees her grand mansion in San Francisco, with all its rich contents, worth together $1,000,000, and subsequently had her life insured for the benefit of the University for another $1,000,000.

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Sir Robert Sexton, Lord Mayor of Dublin Sir Robert Sexton, the new Lord Mayor of Dublin, is an old gentleman eighty-four years of age; yet his powers are in no sense impaired, and he promises to make one of the best Lord Mayors the Irish capital has ever had. He has held various municipal positions and is the first conservative elected to the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin for fifteen years. The vote in the National council was largely in his favor, and the action is regarded as a distinct departure in the politics of Ireland. It is freely predicted that the choice of Sir Robert for the dignified position of executive of the Irish capital is the marking of a new era in Irish politics. The new Mayor will hold his office during the year of 1899.

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Elias S. Kimball, First Mormon Chaplain Whom President McKinley has assigned to the chaplaincy of the Second Regiment of Volunteer Engineers, is the first Mormon to be appointed a Chaplain in the Army of the United States. Chaplain Kimball is a native of Salt Lake City, and is forty-one years old. His father, Apostle Heber C. Kimball, died when Elias was eleven. Elias then began herding at Bear Lake with his brother, Solomon G. Kimball. He was educated at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, and later at the Deseret University.

In 1884 he went on a mission to the Southern States and remained there for two years. After some more experience ranching he entered the real estate business at Manassa, Idaho, but in 1895 he returned to the mission in the Southern States as its president. This summer he returned to Utah. His appointment by the President is but another example of the broad-minded policy which Adjutant-General Corbin has pursued throughout the war in even the minor details.

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Commander Davis, of the Gunboat Dixie Com. Charles Henry Davis of the auxiliary gunboat Dixie to whom Dupont of Pomeroy surrendered [illegible] Massachusetts, and [illegible] Academy in November, 1861. He was promoted to the rank of Commander in 1885. He has been connected with several important expeditions for the determination of differences in longitude by means of submarine telegraphic cables, and has traveled in every part of the world.

Commander Davis attended the Princess Eulalia when she came to the World's Fair, as the representative of President Cleveland, and in acknowledgment of his services the Queen Regent of Spain decorated him with the Order of Isabella, the Catholic. The insignia is a Greek cross, beautifully enameled in colors. Captain Davis is a brother-in-law of Senator Lodge, and the story is told that just before he started to see the Senator happened to be joking with Davis about his decoration.

"What is it good for?" inquired the Senator. "What advantage is it?"

"Well," replied Davis, "among other things, any man who wears that decoration has the right of audience with the Queen at any time. He can go up to the palace and knock at the door and tell the usher he wants to see the Queen, and they've got to let him in at once."

"Then you'd better take it along with you when you go to sea," retorted Senator Lodge. "It would be very handy if the Spaniards captured you and should take you to Madrid." But if there ever was the slightest danger of that there is none now.

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Count Ernest, the Regent of Lippe Count Ernest Cassimir Frederick Charles, the regent of Lippe, who has distinguished himself by summoning William of Germany before the bundesrath, has long been in the bad books of the Emperor. Kaiser Wilhelm has held, with excellent advice, says the Chicago Times-Herald, that the regent has wrongfully deprived Adolph, Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, of his legal rights to the throne. Count Ernest belongs to the Lippe-Bierstein branch of the family, and his cousin, Prince Adolph, disputed his right to the succession of the ancient and honorable family of Lippe.

The dispute was submitted to a tribunal of arbitration, which promptly decided in favor of the Biersteins, much to the chagrin and disappointment of Prince Adolph and the Emperor. Since then his Imperial Majesty has lost no opportunity of showing his displeasure on all occasions of his meeting with the regent, who has taken the high ground of a German Prince to bring his Kaiser to account before the constitutional representatives of the great German people. The outcome of this Imperial case will be awaited with feelings of keenest interest.

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Lord Herschell, England's Famous Jurist Lord Farrer Herschell, head of the British Commission to adjust the differences between America and Canada, is one of Great Britain's leading lawyers, and was formerly Lord High Chancellor of England. He was the son of a country clergyman, and was educated at University College in London and at the University of Bonn. When he was 23 years of age he was made a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn.

In 1874 he was elected to a seat in Parliament by Durham City, and represented that town, as a Liberal, until 1885. He was Solicitor General under Gladstone. In 1886 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Herschell. He was unanimously appointed President of the Royal Commission which inquired into the working of the metropolitan board of works. A second time he was made Lord High Chancellor under Gladstone. As a jurist Lord Herschell has no superior in [illegible].

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Franklin McLeary, the Shakespearian Actor A representative of the Westminster Budget recently interviewed Franklin McLeary, the Shakespearian actor [illegible] such a success in London and [illegible] character student among other things said: "While in Toronto University I conceived the idea that Shakespeare might be treated more vitally than he had been, that instead of debating as to the origin of his phrases and discussing merely his metre and the aptness of his figures of speech, it would be far better worth while to see his human beings clearly; to feel their souls and heartbeats, and study the play of mind upon mind. Each distinct personage in a drama acting upon the other; to make Shakespeare, in fact, a study in humanity. One can study philology and the structure of the English language from a newspaper; but in Shakespeare you want to get at his knowledge of men.

"I was intended for the law or politics, but the emotional side of my nature broke away from these, not flatly nor flamingly, but gradually. I felt that I wished to represent, to revive, these characters I had studied, and to that end I endeavored to develop and cultivate my voice so as to reflect more readily their different phases. Then I lectured in Boston on Shakespeare for a year and a half; and it was at the end of that time that I met Wilson Barrett, and joined his company, appearing first in Claudian at Liverpool. My tours with him were pleasant and profitable and gave me the opportunity to play a diversity of parts not easily found elsewhere.

"In my opinion it is the sacred duty of an actor to interpret what has been set down by the author as part of a dramatic system—called a play—and not to put forward what in his estimation seems most attractive, or easiest to his own physique or temperament, choosing rather what the author considers necessary in the character to develop and complete the dramatic problem."

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Henrik Ibsen on The Task of Women Henrik Ibsen in a speech before the Christiania Ladies' Club, as reported in The Critic, said: "I have been more the poet and less the social philosopher than has been believed. I have never regarded the women's cause as a question in itself, but as a question of mankind, generally. It is most certainly desirable to solve the woman question among others, but that was not the whole intention I have had in view.

"My task was the description of man. I have always regarded it as my task to raise the country and to give the people a higher position. In this work two factors assert themselves. It is for the mothers to [illegible] by slow and intense work [illegible] of culture and discipline. This feeling must be awakened in individuals before one can elevate a people. The women will solve the question of mankind, but they must do so as mothers. Herein lies woman's great task."

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Jessie Schley's Peace Mission Miss Schley, who went to Madrid for the purpose of personally urging on the Queen Regent and Premier Sagasta an early conclusion of peace, was actuated from motives that have determined her mission in life. Her home is in Milwaukee, but for some time she has been studying painting in Rome and Paris. Before leaving Milwaukee she undertook to enter a convent, but was prevented by ill health. Then she opened two schools for poor children, which she carried on at her own expense. This was followed by the establishment of soup kitchens in various parts of the city, by the opening of a home for friendless girls in St. Paul, and the founding of a Roman Catholic Sisterhood, with which she lived for two years.

While engaged in her various philanthropic concerns she was a diligent student of art. On going to Paris to continue her studies under Bouguereau, she became interested in the Paris Peace Society, with which the ex-Empress Eugénie is said to have a connection, and last spring became the active head of the society. Her ambition is to form a league of the Christian women of the world to relieve distress and educate the poor wherever they may be found.

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Lieutenant Scott as a Bull-Fighter This story of Second Lieutenant J. H. Scott, executive officer of the Hudson, is told by one who was a classmate of his while the pair were on the United States boat Chase as cadets on their practice cruise, says the Philadelphia Times. The vessel was at Lisbon, Portugal. The starboard watch of cadets were ashore [illegible]. Some with Hutchy [illegible] as Scott was familiarly called, went to see a bull fight at a suburban Lisbon arena called Cintra.

In the Royal box that afternoon, in August of 1888, sat the present ruler of Portugal, then a debonair and democratic youth. Suddenly a cadet's cap was seen to fly through the air and drop in the centre of the arena. The owner, none other than Scott, jumped into the ring, snatched a spear from a dazed matador, and, after giving his trousers a sailor-like hitch, proceeded to assail the bull. The multitude that crowded the tiers recognized the uniform, and yelled men, women and children: "Bravo, Americano!" "Vive la Americano!" Suddenly the bull fell!

It was the first bull killed in a Portuguese arena for twenty years, and that by an American boy. However, with spear in one hand and his cap in the other, looking very much scared, the cadet was conducted by some attendants to the Royal box, and received, much to his surprise, not only congratulations, but Prince Carlos, removing a ring from his finger, presented it to Scott.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XXVI

THE UNCLE

By HENRY G. BELL

WITH A DRAWING BY F. LOWENHEIM

HAD an uncle once—a man of threescore years and three;
And, when my reason's dawn began, he'd take me on his knee,
And often talk, whole winter nights, things that seemed strange to me.
He was a man of gloomy mood, and few his converse sought;
But it was said in solitude his conscience with him wrought,
And there, before his mental eye, some hideous vision brought.
There was not one in all the house that did not fear his frown,
Save I—a little, careless child—who gamboled up and down,
And often peeped into his room, and plucked him by the gown.
I was an orphan and alone—my father was his brother;
And all their lives I knew that they had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung the picture of my mother,
And few, or none, had ever looked upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale, expressive smile of melancholy grace.
One night—I do remember well—the wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors it sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall; my uncle sat close by.

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I read—but little understood the words upon the book;
For, with a sidelong glance, I marked my uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame in strong convulsions shook.
A silent terror o'er me stole, a strange, unusual dread
His lips were white as bone—his eyes sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze of the unconscious dead;
Then, suddenly, he turned him round, and drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face; perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me had seemed so ghastly pale!
"Come hither, boy," my uncle said. I started at the sound—
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat, and hardly utterance found;
"Come hither, boy!" Then fearfully he cast his eyes around.
"That lady was thy mother once—thou wert her only child—
Oh, boy! I've seen her when she held thee in her arms and smiled—
She smiled upon thy father, boy—'twas that which drove me wild.
He was my brother, but his form was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that—he was the prop of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him a token and a sign.
Boy! I had loved her too—nay, more; 'twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquered—they were wed; my air-blown bubble burst!
Then on my hand a shadow fell, and evil hopes grew rife;
The maddening thought stuck in my heart, and cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved, should be another's wife!
I left my home—I left the land—I crossed the raging sea;
In vain—in vain—where'er I turned, my memory went with me—
My whole existence, night and day, in memory seemed to be.

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I came again—I found them here—he died—no one knew how;
The murdered body ne'er was found, the tale is hushed up now;
But there was one who rightly guessed the hand that struck the blow.
It drove her mad—yet not his death—no—not his death alone;
For she had clung to hope, when all knew well that there was none;
No, boy! it was a sight she saw that froze her into stone!
I am thy uncle, child; why stare so frightfully aghast?
The arras waves—but know'st thou not 'tis nothing but the blast?
I, too, have had my fears like these, but such vain fears are past.
I'll show thee what thy mother saw—I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild, tempest-laden night suits with the purpose best.

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Come hither—thou hast often sought to open this old chest.
It has a secret spring; the touch is known to me alone;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—what see you that you groan
So heavily? That thing is but a bare-ribbed skeleton."
A sudden crash—the lid fell down—three strides he backward gave!
"Oh, Fate! it is my brother's self returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—will no one help or save?"
That night they laid him on his bed, in raving madness tossed;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And ere the light of morning broke, a sinner's soul was lost!

XXVII

IO VICTIS

By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died, o'erwhelmed in the strife
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame;
But the hymn of the lowly and humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part,
Whose youth had no flower in its branches, whose hope turned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at; who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone;
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its choruses, its pæan for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat.

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In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their knotted brows, breathe a prayer;
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held on their faith, unseduced by the prize that the world holds so high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."
Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annal, and say.
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?

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THE AUTHOR OF IO VICTIS

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, the distinguished American poet and artist, is wedded to Rome, where he went fifty years ago, and he has expressed his determination to live and die there. Few men have achieved such a career or have been so versatile and industrious. His father, Chief-Justice Story, grounded him in the law. He was educated at Harvard College, and after being admitted to the bar of Boston wrote three law treatises of value. In 1844 he published his first book of poems, and from that time turned his attention more and more to arts and letters. In 1848 he went to Rome to study art. In 1862 he published a romance presenting the best picture extant of life in Rome at that period.

Besides his literary achievements Mr. Story is an artist of originality and beauty of execution. In his Christ the artist has presented his conception of the divine in the human. The features and costumes are Jewish, not classical, and there is strength as well as meekness, purity and asceticism in the face, with no traces of the effeminacy always apparent in the works of medieval painters and sculptors. This is only one example of Mr. Story's work, but there is scarcely a passion common to humanity that this master has not seized and imprisoned in marble.

"HIS GRASP OF LEAD IS ON MY THROAT"

What is your Ideal in Life?

By REV. HUGH BLACK, A. M.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Twelve

"The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee."—I Kings iii: 5.

IN ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S volume, Across the Plains, there is a little scene described which is a true allegory of life. It tells the story of an emigrant train from New York to Western America. Some had come three thousand miles, to find that they had not come far enough; some had been crushed out of the Eastern States in the struggle for life; others were picked up at various points along the line. Nowhere was there found, it seemed, the supremely desirable spot of earth.

But all looked to the West for the solution of their very practical problem. Was it not the land of gold? As they neared the Promised Land they met other emigrant trains travelling eastward, crowded, not with people who had made their fortune, but were still seeking it. It was the backwash of the waves, as hungry as the influx. The return emigrants wailed through the windows, "Come back! Come back!"

The scene is full of the pathos of life. The East and the West united in the common confession of failure. There is no El Dorado. It is merely the death of a dream.

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There is always a Beyond in life. We never reach the end. Peak rises above peak, and a summit is but the base of another. The infinite is the finite continued back and front; it is not easy to say where the one ends and the other begins. The Beyond haunts us at every turn. It represents our highest joy—and our deepest despair. The pleasure of a longing is the measure of its pain. We are never satisfied with getting, because, although we get all our hearts' desire, by the time we receive it our hearts have grown too big to be satisfied there, and we have reached out after a larger hope.

Say when you have had enough; of pleasure, seeker after happiness; of knowledge, searcher after truth; of life, greedy soul that will live forever; enough of anything desired and striven for—say when! But not a lip moves to form the word, and some lips, that have grown paler since age has tempered the red blood of youth, are parted in a sigh. Is the heart of man a bottomless pit that with all its filling can never be filled?

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Will the cup of life never run over, pour in what you may? It is because we can't get the Beyond out of life. The world does not end at the horizon. Life is not bounded by present possession. The heart is not limited to vision by day. Beyond vision by day there are dreams by night. Beyond present possession there is future hope. Beyond the horizon there is another scene as large and fair bounded by its horizon, and beyond that another—and another.

You have played with a child who would not let you stop, but greeted the end of every game with "More!" More play! till you felt that life was too short even to give a child enough play. The child is father of the man.

The same scene is enacted, and reenacted, with the same result. Desire grows by what it feeds on. Capacity increases by every fresh effort after satisfaction. The eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing. The heart is not satisfied with beating, nor the life with living. The Beyond, which is ours, and yet not ours—ours in intention, though not ours in possession—creates a place in our lives for praying and dreaming. The attained is the discarded; the unattained is our legitimate sphere. We live for the future, and thus must live by faith. Faith does not fear the mysteries. Life has mystery in it because it has a future. If we had more imagination we would have more faith. God has made His mountains high that men might climb—unattainable that men might attain.

All life is an asking, a lifting up of the eyes and hands. We have not got all we want. Our needs are clamant, and in some form or other we ask for what will appease them, hence the prayers and the dreams. When you have stopped praying you have stopped living. When conscious prayer ceases, when you no longer seek after God; when you no longer desire to be conformed to the image which once stole away your heart, then the higher functions of life cease.

Unconscious prayer goes on all the same on a lower plane. Your every breath is a prayer for the next. Your daily work is a prayer for daily bread. Prayer is not something out of place in the universe—a magical force which enters abruptly in the region of religion, like a bolt out of the blue. Prayer is the universal law of all living. It is the expression of dependence and desire; and dependence and desire are at the basis of every form of life—dependence upon a higher power, desire after larger power.

The great distinction lies in what kind of life it is, on what scale the praying is. The dependence is universal and fixed; the desire fluctuates and has a moral meaning; life persists through dependence, and is evolved through desire. The past is conserved, and the future is opened up to further progress. Unconscious prayer is everywhere. It is a praying universe, held in God's hand trustingly, and looking up into His face expectantly. The tree roots itself downward in strenuous dependence, and stretches out its arms upward in dumb desire. Everything looks up to God; everything depends on God.

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Real conscious dependence and conscious desire seem possible only to men. All men depend on God. But not all men desire God. That is where the dividing line comes in. Every human desire has moral contents, which color the whole of life. It depends on what sort of asking—what you want—what your heart is set on. Every man can apply the touchstone to his own soul, and apportion exactly the value of his life, by finding out what his aims and desires are. The kind of asking you do in the world settles the kind of praying you do, and the kind of dreaming.

Dreams, by day or by night, are usually thought to be unsubstantial fabrics, of no market value, and worthless from any point of view. Will it surprise you to be told that your dreams are the most important things in your life? They are often worthless enough, but if they are worth nothing, what are you, the dreamer, worth, since they represent your highest life? Even a dream by night is but the passive impression of what you pray for, or long for, by day. It is the reflection of the heart's desire, the commanding thoughts, the imperative needs, the purposes for which you spend yourself; that which you expect to get from life, that which you are asking of God and man.

Tell me your dreams, and I will read the riddle of your life. Tell me your prayers, and I will write the history of a soul. Tell me your askings, and I will tell you your gettings. Tell me what you seek, and I will tell you what you are.

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I do not wish to know your possessions—only your wants. I care not to know what you have—keep it!—only what you have not and desire to have; not your attainments, but what you have not yet attained, and follow after. That which comes to you in your visions by day and your dreams by night, the ideal you set before you, the things which you approve as excellent, what you seek after and have given your heart to; these are the measure of the man. In a truer sense than Shakespeare meant, "We are such things as dreams are made on." They have no price in the market, but they, and they alone, give worth and dignity to life.

When the dream dies out of your heart, your feet are at the gates of the Inferno with its motto of despair. When youth abandons hope it loses the glory of life. These ideals of youth are not human illusions, but divine visions; not dreams painted on the night, but the glimmerings of the eternal dawn. We are not set to cry like children for the moon. We are not set to break our hearts for the unattainable, but to realize the unattained. The ideal is the highest, truest, real; that which shall always be; that which at the heart of all things is now and ever was.

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"Utopianism," says Ruskin, "is one of the devil's pet words. I believe the quiet admission which we are all of us ready to make, that because things have long been wrong it is impossible they should ever be right, is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime from which the world suffers. Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well on the ground that perfection is Utopian, beware of that man. Cast the word out of your dictionary altogether."

It is Utopian to believe in, to hope for, to work for, all that are best worth thought and effort in the world. All the achievements of the race, every hope which has inspired, and every faith which has dared—everything attempted for God and the right—have been branded as absurd and impossible. The passion for personal holiness, the love for humanity, the efforts on behalf of men for juster laws and purer lives, the glorious Kingdom of Heaven itself, have been condemned as Utopian. When a dream is killed by a sneer, the dreamer must adjust again himself and his dream. His faith will make both inviolable. We must not make a cowardly surrender to the prevailing enemy that would lower every ideal. We are called to resist the low tone that eats like an acid into the fabric of our dream.

Emerson was a typical American in this respect, that he was full of faith in the great ideas contained in the Declaration of Independence—ideas for which men suffered and died. Some one in his presence once spoke of these ideas sneeringly as "glittering generalities"—just the sort of sneer which men throw at all lofty programs for human progress. "Glittering generalities!" cried Emerson, "they are blazing ubiquities."

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Such principles, with such a history, are glorious ever and glorious everywhere. Listen not to the evil taunt, but ask for more and ever more, for higher and ever higher things. Be not like the ox, which is content to graze and be fattened for the slaughter. Dream on! Keep your aspirations; preserve the fresh purity of your youthful vision. It is your ideal which settles your place in the universe. Your thoughts give richness and value to your life. Your strivings show what spirit you are of.

God comes to us, as He came to the young King, and says, "Ask what I shall give you."

It is not derision, but sober fact. What a man asks, he gets; what a man seeks, he finds; where a man knocks, it is opened to him. This is a law of Nature, as well as a principle of religion. It is a rich world that knows no respect of persons, but gives us each what we desire most. We may not get as much as we desire, but we get along the line of our desire.

Nothing worth getting is got cheap, but if we will pay the price we will get what we want. The price is just that we should ask. To ask in this cosmic sense is not merely to form the words with our lips. One of the unchastened dreams of every heart at some time or other has been to possess some talisman which will give us the power of magic to gratify every desire at once—an open sesame to unlock at will the world's treasure-trove. We remember the lamp of Aladdin, which needed only to be rubbed to bring forth unseen powers to do the bidding of the possessor of the wonderful lamp; and the cap of Fortunatus, which needed only to be put on to have every wish fulfilled.

To ask for a thing is to give up your heart and life to it, to desire it and work for it above all things, to be ready to sacrifice everything to gain it, to foster it as the imperious need of your life, to make it your thought by day and your dream by night. What a man seeks thus he finds without fail. If a man asks resolutely, unflinchingly, determinedly, he gets. If he seeks what the world can give, if he pursues a single line with a single eye, giving up all for this, applying every power to this, making this his one aim in life, will he not succeed where the idler or the *dilettante* fail? We can count upon the unfailing law of cause and effect. There is a great underlying uniformity on which we can safely rely.

If a man apply himself exclusively to business he will attain some measure of success; if to study, he will reach some height up the steeps of knowledge. The success may not be conspicuous in its material fruits, but the making of the man will be in the particular mould of his dream. To have one thing as the dream of your life is to get it. We are in the region of strenuous life. This asking has nothing to do with the incoherencies of rambling fancy, nor the flimsy furniture of castles in the air, nor the tangled farrago of visions seen in slumberland. We are in God's moral world—

"Where all men's prayers to Thee raised,
Return possessed of what they pray Thee."

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There are no failures in life. From the point of view of the world, it is true, some of the greatest successes are counted failures, and from the point of view of Heaven some of the greatest failures are called successes. But strictly speaking, from the point of view of cause and effect, in a world which has eternal justice at the heart of it, there are no failures. We reap as human souls the measure of our sowing. We get what we ask. We are the spiritual offspring of our dream.

We recognize the working of this principle in all our calculations. You can't have knowledge without making it your dream and your toil. You can't have even pleasure without making it your dream and your toil. We are paid in the current coin of our own highest good. If you nurse your dream to your heart, if you know what you want from the world, if you have made up your mind as to the chief end of your life, then your future is settled, and you can walk contentedly along your path to its end.

Ask what I shall give thee. Youth is the time for asking. It lays hold of life, and would exhaust its capabilities. The world is before it, and youth has to recreate it, to appropriate it, and fashion it according to its will. "The world's my oyster, and with my sword I'll open it." We do not always realize that our young men are seeing visions, which are their contribution to the world's store, whether for weal or woe depends on the visions. Are they dreaming right dreams and seeking true ends? How important the inquiry is the past declares and the future will surely disclose.

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Oh—if only I had my wish!

What would you wish? What would you choose above all else?

It is a new edition of the story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. You are Aladdin—stretch forth your hand for the lamp. Take time to make up your mind. Rub the lamp, and issue Your Majesty's orders. Make sure of what you ask—you shall get what you ask.

When you were younger, the world's distant prospect lay before you with an enamel of glory, gilded by golden joys; and now you have come up to take possession. Your dream is going to come true. You who have been cozened by a dream of pleasure, and have nursed it in your bosom, did you not get it? Whose fault is it that it has been a viper you nursed, which in its viperous nature has stung you? You had dreamed of it; you set your longings toward it; you planned your life to reach it. You would have it, and you have it—it and its sting!

The dream of youth is the dream of a satisfied life, of a great good to be attained;

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST SERIES represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. The first twelve in the series are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—The Ground of Christian Certainty,	by George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII—Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.,	July 23
VIII—The Middle Years of Life,	by R. E. Welsh, A. M.,	July 30
IX—The Power of Personality,	by Amory H. Bradford, D. D.,	Aug. 6
X—The Safeguard of Manhood,	by James G. K. McClure, D. D.,	Aug. 20
XI—Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug. 27
XII—What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black, A. M., D. D.,	Sept. 3

the method of reaching joy and fullness of life. The methods used to reach it are legion. An exhaustive catalogue is impossible, for each dream is a new creation. But in essence they all resolve themselves into one of the two great alternatives. On the one side the list would contain the countless gilded pleasures to which men lose their heart—dreams of ambition, of wealth, of gratified sense.

These are all broken lights of the one dream; just as Solomon might have asked long life or riches for himself, or the life of his enemies. Any one of these, or all of these, would have represented the one alternative. He chose the better part, which may also be represented in many ways, according to the different person choosing. The one is selfish in its essence, seeking only for gratification of some passion or desire, craving for personal satisfaction. Where the point of least resistance is, and how the temptation appeals to each soul, only that soul knows; but it presents itself to all as the first feasible plan for a satisfied life. The other alternative takes account of God rather than self, believes in a higher life, a greater good, and chooses ever the higher, even at the expense of present loss or pain. It thinks of others, of God's will for self and the world; and in the glory of the dream the lower self is forgotten and His will is done.

The great cleavage which cuts through all the world has cut through your life and divided it into the two portions familiar to you. Good and evil range themselves invariably in opposing ranks. God and the world, the Christ-life and the self-life, make their conflicting appeal. It may be in a crisis of an external kind, as it came to Solomon when he ascended David's throne with a young man's high thought and aspirations. Would that he had kept his dreams!

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The *blasé* king was a caricature of the youthful dreamer. It may come in a moment of great feeling, when your life is laid bare to you in a flash and the shame of it rises before you, when the narrow way almost seeks your feet and the glory of it draws your heart. Or it may come in the gradual strengthening of your moral powers, the gradual opening of your eyes to the possibility of a new life, the soft unfolding of the dawn, until at last you waken to God's plan for you in the world.

What have you been asking? What has been your whole idea of life? Have you sought groveling ideals, low pleasures, and selfish pursuits? Have your legitimate yearnings for a wider, fuller life, ended in weak indulgence? Could your whole dream be defined in the scathing words, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life?" If that be all, the world shall be none the richer for your presence. Your presence in it is itself a bad dream full of fear.

Has God gone out of your life as the sunshine creeps out of the valleys? Has the divine vision that once filled your eyes paled and faded before the dominant worldliness of your days? Have you sold your soul for a fleeting passion, your birthright for a mess of pottage? Are you going through the world maimed, and with spiritual nature so stifled that the dream of good has lost its power, and is even denied altogether?

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The dream-life is sacred to the dreamer. It belongs to the inner sanctuary, unentered by stranger's feet and unseen by stranger's eye. It is there that God meets a man, in that holy of holies of the heart, shut to every other visitant. That is why the dream of youth is so far-reaching, affecting the whole man to the very finger tips. Remember that what you dream is what you are, or will be. Keep the sanctuary holy. It is folly to harbor evil in the heart, thinking to enjoy the stolen sweets of it, and yet preserve the rest of life from contamination. To pollute the sanctuary is to make a centre of contagion for every part.

Dreams of evil find their issue in deeds of darkness. Unholy thoughts end in unhallowed acts. Impure imaginings stain the life. No man can breathe poisoned air with impunity. The false dream of liberty results in the pitiful slavery of passion. What a change from the early splendor of the sacred dream to the hideous nightmare which blights the life with shame and remorse and the spectral brood of sin. It cuts a man off from the pure, and the true, and the good, and the great Father, and the beautiful Christ. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

God is not regardless of moral issues. He cares supremely that the good should triumph in you, as well as in the world. He is near to help you in your choice. It is He who gives you the choice, presenting once again the sacred vision which redeems youth, and manhood, and age. It is not for nothing a man sees the Heavens open, and has his Bethel dream of the ladder and the angels.

It is not easy to destroy him whose palm still keeps the impress of Christ's hand. It is something to have known a spot on this dull earth as the House of God. The vision fades somewhat; the ladder disappears; the gleam of the angels' flight is lost in the cold gray light of morning; the dreamer may forget his high resolve, and may falter and fail. But it cannot be as though it had never been. His eyes never lose the reflection of the far-off glory. The music is never quite silenced in his soul. He dies with his face to Heaven, and within reach of the ladder. To know that the Lord is in this place is to have pierced into the secrets of this mysterious life, and to find the world transfigured by a new splendor.

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Walt Whitman, in the Preface to his Leaves of Grass, finishes his advice to his readers with this broad principle, "Dismiss whatever insults your own soul." He asks them to read his book by the light of this canon of criticism, or canon of selection—and it may be that the book needs it. But the same principle is true for life as well as literature. Take that upon which your soul can feed and grow, and dismiss not only whatever insults your own soul, but rather dismiss whatever insults or dishonors or is unworthy of Christ. Dismiss whatever belies your dream, whatever dims for you the vision of Christ. With this touchstone the world's treasures are tested. With this all things are yours; of art, and knowledge, and literature, and life. With this you can go through the world untainted by the evil. Christ's stainless knights can pass through the fierce fight undefiled—and stainless still.

Every true dream must come in terms of Christ. He has set the type. Christ has set the type for the race. All progress for the world, all development of the social organism, must be along the lines of Christianity. When we have realized the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; when Christ's teaching has colored all our thinking and living, and dominated legislation and industry and human intercourse; when the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are commonplaces of practical ethics, we can afford to discard the Faith which seeks to save society.

If progress ever lies "along the line of limitless desire," we have many a weary mile to travel before Christianity can cease to be to us as a race the Religion of Progress. We are face to face with difficulties—political, economic and social, with social upheavals and labor wars, because we have refused to dream Christ's dream of a redeemed humanity, and to obey His commands; because we have thought to do the world's business without God.

We must retrace our steps patiently, and lay the foundation of our society, not on the rampant selfishness of the natural life, but on the love, which is more than justice, of the spiritual life. The world and its institutions need to be Christianized—the Church as well as the State—and to approximate more and more to the ideal of Jesus.

Christ has also set the type for the individual. If progress for the world lies along the line of Christian desire, it is because progress for the individual can only be found there. Only as we grow in His grace; only as we become more like Him in affinity of soul, thinking His thoughts, seeking His purposes, living His life; only as we get nearer Him in true spiritual union, in winsomeness of character, with the same mind in us which was in Him—in that measure only, we must confess, can we make true personal progress.

The Christian soul must write its own *Imitatio Christi*, or the writing is to no purpose. Christ is the centre of the race spiritually—the manifestation of the divine and the culmination of the human. He is the rallying point for all the forces of righteousness and good in our midst. A man outside the stream of influence that emanates from Him is an anachronism. He exists in the nineteenth century, but he belongs to another age—the age that knew not Christ.

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This is the Christian era. The type has been fixed permanently; for there is none higher. All else is a flagrant deviation from the original thought of God. Christ is the heavenly ideal and the humanly real. To call Him Saviour and Master is to choose the life of God as your portion. To know Him is to love Him, and to love Him is to realize the ideal—to live forevermore.

Ask what He shall give you. Ask for the best gifts. Ask for the peace which comes from the kiss of righteousness; for the smile of God which changes the world. Ask to be kept from the evil; ask to be led up over the shoulder of the hill, on whose flinty track are blood-marks, telling stories of unselfishness, and sacrifice, and love that will not die.

It is a revelation. It is a revelation of what the inner life may be. It is a revelation of God and of man. It is the idealism which shall live when all our blatant, obtrusive realisms find their fitting graves—the idealism which even now is the life of all that lives. It is not relegated hopelessly to the future. The present is Christ's, because the future is His. His faith is for the life that now is, as well as for the life which is to come. It is not despair, but inspiration.

Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

In Ocean's Deepest Vales

THERE are spots in the ocean where the water is five miles deep. If it is true that the pressure of the water on any body in the water is one pound to the square inch for every two feet of the depth, anything at the bottom of one of the "five-mile holes" would have a pressure about it of 13,200 pounds to every square inch.

There is nothing of human manufacture that would resist such a pressure. That it exists there is no doubt. It is known that the pressure of a well-corked glass bottle at the depth of 300 feet is so great that the water will force its way through the pores of the glass. It is also said that pieces of wood have been weighted and sunk in the sea to such a depth that the tissues have become so condensed that the wood has lost its buoyancy and would never float again. It could not even be made to burn when dry.

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Diamonds Said to be Alive

A DIAMOND is as much alive as a man. Thus declares Professor von Schroen of the Naples University. According to him the so-called inorganic bodies possess quite as much life as organic ones. He also claims to have photographs of the chief events in the life of a crystal, from its birth inward. One of the most curious of these is thus described: "The crystal meets another one from a different mother. The two strike at each other; they fight, strive and clasp with each other. It is war to the death. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. One must die. But no two crystals from the same mother ever fight, no matter when they meet." In which particular crystals seem to be superior to human beings.

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Scents That Make One Well

THE effect of music and of colors on the emotions is known, and they have been often used for the sake of their emotional effect by many sensitive people—notably, for instance, by Wagner, who, in accordance with the requirements of the music he was composing, clothed himself in garments of divers colors. It is not, therefore, astonishing to learn that perfumes act in just the same way as either light or sound, thus proving the close relationship which exists between the senses; for, while light makes its direct appeal to the eyes and sound to the ears, perfumes appeal only to the nostrils.

Working out this perfume theory, it has been found that the heavy scent of attar of roses, which is such a favorite with many people, has rather the effect of producing tears, while on the other hand ambergris, which nearly as many people find very disagreeable, has the power of driving away the "blues" and of clearing the brain, making the mental faculties quicker and livelier. Musk in very small quantities is a tonic, while citron and aloe are soothing to the nerves, and civet produces a feeling of drowsiness, which sandal wood dissipates. Everybody knows that light and sound both owe their intrinsic properties to the rays which form them, and it is by no means improbable that things that smell also owe their power to exactly similar conditions.

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How They Put Out Fires in Korea

A FIRE in Korea is considered of slight consequence, unless a whole street should happen to be threatened. There is very little in a Korean house that can burn, except sliding doors and windows, and a few articles of furniture and clothing.

Generally the unlucky owner whose house catches fire endeavors to pull it down; that is, after he has carried into the street whatever property he cares to save. When several houses at once are in danger, the King sends out a hundred or so soldiers, who calmly view the bon-fire, and offer help, if necessary. There is no water to work with, so these helpers generally bring along with them a ship's anchor, fastened to a long, thick rope; this anchor they fix to the burning beam, then it is "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

Sometimes the sparks, driven by the wind, fly across the road; then the Koreans climb up on their roofs, and stand in rows upon the upper edges of the structure. You will wonder what the object of this strange proceeding may be. Now the men quickly strip off their coats and the women follow suit with their large cloaks. These they wave rapidly together, in order to create a strong counter breeze to the one blowing.

One can almost imagine the Koreans to be strange birds, flapping their wings preparatory to taking their flight into the upper regions. While these odd proceedings are going on, prayers are offered to the spirit of the fire, as well as to that of the wind.

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No Perfect Book in the World

I REMEMBER once of a publisher in London, says a writer in Harper's Round Table, who made up his mind to publish a book that should have no typographical errors whatever. He had his proofs corrected by his own proof-readers until they all assured him that there were no longer any errors in the text. Then he sent proofs to the universities and to other publishing houses, offering a prize of several pounds sterling in cash for every typographical mistake that could be found. Hundreds of proofs were sent out in this way, and many skilled proof-readers examined the pages in the hope of earning a prize. A few errors were discovered. Then, all the proof-sheets having been heard from, the publisher felt assured that his book would be an absolutely perfect piece of composition.

He had the plates very carefully cast, the edition printed and bound between expensive covers—because as a perfect specimen of the printer's art it was, of course, unique in literature and exceedingly valuable to bibliophiles. The edition sold well and was spread all over the country. The publisher was very much pleased with himself for having done something that had hitherto been considered an impossibility. Then his pride had a fall, for six or eight months later he received a letter calling his attention to an error in a certain line on a certain page. Then came another letter announcing the discovery of a second error in this apparently perfect book. I believe before the year was up four or five mistakes were found.

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How Many Indians Were There?

IN COMMENTING the other day on the charge—a peculiarly irritating one, since it comes from the Spanish editor of a Havana newspaper—that the people of the United States had gained possession of a great territory by exterminating its original inhabitants, we stated, says the New York Times, that there are more Indians in this country now than there were when English colonization began. This assertion has often been made by those who have studied the subject carefully, but it seems to have awakened surprise as well as doubt in the minds of several readers, and they are writing to ask if we are quite sure of our facts. To be frank, we are not. The matter is one on which certainty is impossible, for nobody can do much more than guess as to the exact number of Indians that lived here in the early days, and even the latest census is confessedly more or less inaccurate in its enumeration of the nation's wards. Still, sufficient data exist to justify an opinion, if not a belief, that our claim is true.

Early estimates of the Indian population were wildly exaggerated. The first explorers and settlers counted—or guessed—the number of savages drawn by curiosity or hostility into their immediate neighborhood, and concluded that the whole country was as densely populated. Figures like 16,000,000 were gravely set down as about right, but these have been steadily decreasing as observers examined more closely the conditions of Indian life, and the view now taken is that the aggregate of all the tribes was less than 500,000. At present we know that there are about 300,000 of them, and that, as a whole, their birth rate exceeds the rate of deaths. Civilization undoubtedly bears hard on the Indians, but they no longer war among themselves, and this in the old days did much more to keep down their numbers than does even the white man's whisky. The census reports show a slight decrease of enumerated Indians in recent years, but the chances are that this is due, not to a fading away of the tribes, but to an improvement in both the accuracy and the honesty of the enumerators. Many Indians, too, have closely identified themselves with their white neighbors, and no longer appear in the official returns.

THE NEW BOOKS

DESCRIBED COMPLETELY IN BRIEF

Evelyn Innes, by George Moore.—For years—a half-century—the musical world fed itself on a fiction compounded of rose-water and taffy. Charles Anchester, with its glorification of Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind, was devoured by every sentimental damsel of fifty years ago.

While the rest of the world was reading Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, the musical person raved over a literature that was two-thirds "gush" and one-third technical. The First Violin, by Jessie Fothergill, was a step forward after the scarlet splendors of Consuelo and Charles Auchester, for both were false in sentiment and execution; but Miss Fothergill's story at least was prettily told and contained no bad technical slips.

The average music lover would rather read a mediocre book, with the musical points set forth correctly, than a masterpiece containing some weak criticism. We all know the sort of novel in which the heroine, in a moment of rapture, seizes her violin and plays Beethoven's ninth Symphony—a manifestly impossible thing. Occasionally, genuinely clever musical books have appeared; for instance, Anna Brewster, Saint Martin's Summer and Compensation; but their appeal was to a minority, and so their usefulness was limited.

Though it lacks not in power, it is doubtful whether the latest musical novel, Mr. George Moore's Evelyn Innes, which is just now a bone of contention for critical New York and London, is an improvement on the old sort of thing; for it goes to another extreme. It is a compound of problem and psychology, and the compound is unpleasant. The author has taken that complicated organ, the heart of a woman, and stepped in boldly where Thomas Hardy and Sarah Grand have not feared to tread.

There is no action and little incident. The heroine has a voice, a weak father and an ambition. In her ambition and its final realization when she becomes a great Wagner singer, the author and psychologist finds his opportunity. His thesis is that all our logic will not kill our instinctive feeling that certain things are wrong, and he develops the rather startling idea that Wagner's music breeds in its exponents a laxity of morals. He does not sympathize with his heroine, yet one cannot help feeling the implications of her career, despite the author's mastery of character, the excellent handling of musical material, and the vigorous style.

If Mr. Moore's pictures of London musical life are to be accepted as final, then some reform is an imperative necessity. One swallow, however, does not make a summer, even in the mythical land of music.

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A Cape Cod Week; and Rod's Salvation, by Annie Eliot Trumbull.—New England has yielded much material to the story writer—so much, in fact, as almost to justify the suspicion that, like its sterile soil, it has been overworked. We have read so many and such minute descriptions of its shrewd, hard-fisted farmers and their dreary, hard-working wives that we know every line which toil and worry have left in their seamed and scarred faces. But Miss Trumbull, in the first of her two books, takes us over old ground, and shows us things from a new point of view. There is nothing of the conventional or commonplace about her work. It is the time of the cranberry picking, and the marshes are full of life and color when she goes to Cape Cod for a week's outing with three unmarried women—women who are bright, accomplished and thoughtful, and who observe and comment with piquant originality. Their conversations are almost preternaturally bright, such conversations as one hears occasionally from witty, well-bred American women. The Cape and its people, seen through their eyes, develop a quaint charm, and take on a new interest for us. The larger volume, Rod's Salvation, contains four tales, three of which have appeared in the magazines. They are strong stories, thoroughly characteristic of the author. (A. S. Barnes & Company, New York.)

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Ye Lyttle Salem Maide, by Pauline Bradford Mackie.—This story of witchcraft is by a comparatively new writer, a young one, and, best of all, a clever one. Miss Mackie is the daughter of an Episcopalian clergyman of Toledo. Her first book, Mademoiselle De Berny, attracted not only the attention of the novel-reader, but of the playwright as well, and arrangements for dramatizing it are now under way.

Ye Lyttle Salem Maide, Deliverance Wentworth, is to all outward appearance a bright, intelligent girl, but she was suspected by the heads of her little New England village of practicing witchcraft—a most unseemly thing for a young girl to do. Proofs that she was in league with the arch enemy came thick and fast. A yellow bird was seen to sit quite unafraid on the sill of her window and preen its feathers. One Sunday, while she was in the meeting-house, she glanced carelessly up to the ceiling, and straightway a rafter fell from the roof. She so affected the cream at churning-time that it took a red-hot horseshoe, placed over the churn, to bring the butter. Last, and most convincing of all, a mouse ran across the floor three times in her presence.

But even with all this damning evidence, the judges would not condemn her until she had been put to the supreme test. Ebenezer Gibbs, a lad whom she had unquestionably bewitched, as he had lately pined and grown thin in a manner unexplainable to his mother in any other way, was brought into court and placed in the lap of the accused. Deliverance had been his teacher once, so instead of shrinking from her, he stroked her cheek and cooed and laughed as his fear subsided. This settled it. This was proof positive that the young girl was possessed of a familiar spirit.

Then Cotton Mather addressed the judges, alluding to the poor girl as "a witch of more than ordinary devilment."

"Let no weak pity unnerve you," he went on, "but have at her and hang her, lest but one such witch left in the land acquire power to wreak untold evil and undo all we have done."

Chief Justice Stoughton pronounced the sentence, prefacing it with these words: "Deliverance Wentworth, you are acquaint with the law. If any man or woman be a witch, and hath a familiar spirit, or hath consulted with one, he or she shall be put to death. You have, by full and fair trial, been proven a witch, and found guilty in the extreme. Yet the Court will show mercy unto you, if you will heartily, and with a contrite heart, confess that you sinned through weakness, and repent that you did transfer allegiance from God to the devil."

The girl would not confess, and was sentenced to be hanged within five days.

Of course there are further complications and developments to hold the reader's attention to the end of the book. (Published by Lamson, Wolffe & Company, Boston.)

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BOOKS JUST FROM THE PRESS

A Cape Cod Week: Annie Eliot Trumbull: A. S. Barnes & Co.; Cloth	$ 1 00
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